

A GREAT STORY OF CAMPING IN SNOW HOUSES!

# FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

## GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 24.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

### FRANK MANLEY'S WINTER CAMP; OR, THE ESQUIMAUX BOYS OF WOODSTOCK.

*By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"*



"Why, it's the witch-doctor, dying of exposure!" thrilled Frank, as the boys rushed out of their huts.  
"I've brought ruin upon ye!" gasped the evil one, wicked to the last.





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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE "WITCH DOCTOR'S" DEVILTRY.

"Well, fellows, how do you like it?"

"It's great!"

"Say!"

"Wow!"

"It's the greatest scheme that young fellows ever thought up!"

"Well, it's all right for healthy fellows, who are used to outdoor air and life," smiled Frank Manley, as his gaze traveled over the compact, white camp. "But there are people in Woodstock who are horrified at the very idea of our living in snow-houses."

"Yes," laughed Hal Spofford. "One good old lady assured me, this noon, that we'd all be down with pneumonia before the end of the week."

"It does look cold," Joe Prescott admitted, thoughtfully.

"Oh, well, Joe, you can go home and sit in a nice rocking-chair beside the steam heat."

"Hold on!" ordered Joe, sharply. "I'm good-natured—but I would state that my biceps are in good working order! Any one who thinks I'm too tender for this life will please step forward!"

But no one accepted the invitation.

Every fellow of the three dozen in the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club was acquainted with Joe's fistic prowess.

"Well, it's jolly!" quivered Jack Winston, the smallest and youngest member of the club.

It was almost dark, of a Monday afternoon.

The Up and At 'Em Boys had gone into camp in snow-houses.

They were to remain in camp for one week, if the weather held out dry enough and cold enough to prevent their perishable dwellings from melting.

Simple enough dwellings these were.

Each snow-house was made to shelter two boys.

In making the house, first of all, a big pile of snow was shovelled up. With snow two feet deep on the level, it did not take long to heap up a pile eight or nine feet high and ten or twelve feet in diameter at the base.

This work had been done by the boys before daylight that morning.

As the snow was heaped, water was poured on it from time to time, in order to make the snow "stick" better.

In the afternoon, as soon as school was over, the boys had trooped out again.

Now, they had gone at the great piles with their shovels. Some two and a half feet high were the first holes that



they dug into the piles. That was the height of a door in this snow camp.

Right in toward the center of the pile this tunnel had been dug.

Then the young snow-house builders, after reaching the center of a pile had begun to scoop out snow overhead.

In a short time each young architect of his own house had scooped out enough snow so that he could stand upright and scoop out with greater ease.

There were two dwellers to each snow-house. While one boy scooped the snow and threw it down near the door of the hut, the other as quickly shoveled it outside.

In this way it did not take long to make a very comfortable little house of one room, big enough to hold two cot-beds and two chairs.

While the scooping out had been in progress, cots, chairs, bedding and floor planks had been delivered by a local express company.

Every hut now had a floor of loose planks. Cots, bedding and chairs had been moved in.

Over each door hung a double blanket to keep out the piercing cold; but this did not keep out an abundance of fresh air, for snow is a porous material.

Through the snow walls of each house holes had been drilled with a broomstick. These loopholes served as windows at need, but at other times were plugged on the inside with billets of wood.

Only candles were to be allowed inside for lighting. In several of the huts there were lanterns, but these were to be used only in an emergency, as a lighted lantern might cause the snow walls slowly to melt.

It was not cold inside these snow-houses—far from it. Snow, while porous enough to admit fresh breathing air, is a warm material of which to construct a dwelling.

Through the evenings and in early mornings, camp-fires were to be run.

Meals, during the week, were to be gotten at home. The walk to and from the camp would be good exercise.

Under each cot lay a pair of snow-shoes, if a storm made their use necessary. But, at present, it was clear weather, and a good path had been ploughed to the town, a mile and a half away.

"We ought to sleep well to-night," mused Manley, looking the camp over again.

"And we'll feed well before that," proposed Bob Everett. At this there was a shout of approval, for so much work in the frosty air had given keen appetites.

"Go ahead in and get your suppers, then," Frank directed. "That is, all except the Trouble Trio."

Those three locally-famous youngsters were Foster, Cranston and Lucas. They had earned their nickname from the fact that they had a mania for "hunting trouble," and they often found it.

As some evilly-disposed people might take delight in wrecking the camp, it had been decided to leave, at all times, a guard of three members behind.

Thus, to-night, the Trouble Trio had their suppers with them.

The three boys who were to compose the morning's guard would bring their breakfasts back with them to-night.

And, during school hours, three boys were to get excused from school for a half a school-day, in order to leave a guard at camp.

Great times were expected in this glorious week.

"To-morrow," proposed Frank, as all the members except the Trouble Trio tramped along the path to town, "to-morrow we'll all pitch in and heap up a great big pile of snow. We'll hollow it out and try to make a sort of social hall big enough to hold us all of an evening."

There were some smiles at this, for the fellows understood that their captain intended that they should have a busy week of exercise.

In the town they separated, each hurrying to his own home for a supper that would be hugely relished.

After the meal Frank hastened to the little news and stationery store that he conducted as a means of paying his expenses at school.

There he was joined by his lieutenants, Hal and Joe.

They were chatting when they were approached by a girl whom they barely knew as Jennie Slater, a waitress in one of the mill boarding-houses.

She was not exactly pretty, but considered herself almost a beauty. She dressed at her best, and affected the airs of a coquette.

But, at this moment, she looked decidedly serious.

"Have you a glass here, Mr. Manley?" she asked, almost shyly.

"Why, certainly," Frank answered, pleasantly. He stepped into his office, returning with a tumbler.

"I've been making a new beverage," said the girl. "I want you to try it, Mr. Manley, and give me your opinion of it."

"What kind of a beverage?" Manley inquired, as the girl poured a reddish fluid into the glass from a bottle.

"Oh, just a bit of a cordial," the girl replied.

"There's no alcohol in it?"

"Oh, no; not a bit. Try it, please."

Though surprised by such a request, Manley obligingly took the glass and tasted of the fluid.

"It's rather pleasant," he said, agreeably. "Try some, Hal?"

But the girl interposed her hand, anxiously, as he tried to pass the glass to his friend.

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Manley! Drink it all yourself, please."

Still more surprised, Frank nevertheless complied, the girl watching him eagerly as he drained the glass.

"It's very good," he smiled, as he passed back the glass. "I congratulate you—if it's your own invention."

Now, the young athlete looked, naturally, for an explanation.

But, with a muttered "thank you, very much," the girl turned and hastily fled.

"Do you meet many of those people?" laughed Joe.

"Not often," Frank smiled. "I wonder if she wanted the club's indorsement for her new drink."



"Has the stuff made you feel any stronger?" quizzed Hal.

"Why?"

"If it has, I suggest that we make the best of that new strength by getting back to camp."

"I guess it is time to be starting," Manley assented, and the three left the store together.

They had walked some little distance, when Manley suddenly clutched at his friends on either side.

"What's up?" asked Hal, in surprise.

"I—I don't know," Manley replied. "I—I'm rather faint and dizzy. And I believe—it sounds absurd—I really believe I'm sick."

"I wonder if it was that drink?" flashed Hal.

"There's Dr. Moore's office over there, anyway," cried Joe, taking a strong hold on one of Manley's arms.

"What's the matter, boys?" hailed a familiar voice, as a man overtook them.

He was Mr. Griscomb, Woodstock's chief of police.

"Why, Frank took a queer drink from a girl in the store," Joe explained, "and now he's faint and sick. We're taking him over to the doctor."

"Sick after taking a drink that was offered him?" cried Chief Griscomb. "Then I reckon I'll go along with you, too."

They hurried Frank into the doctor's office. Fortunately the doctor was in.

"I reckon you'd better use the stomach pump at once, Doc," hinted Frank, who was now very pallid, and with a queer, greenish hue around the corners of his mouth.

The stomach pump was applied at once, the others looking on.

Then Dr. Moore, after feeling of Frank's pulse, gave him something to swallow.

A window of the office was opened, and Manley stood there, taking deep breaths.

"The boy has been poisoned with something or other," said the physician to the inquiring chief.

Then Hal and Joe were questioned by Mr. Griscomb, and the story came out.

"I'll look into this, mighty quick!" muttered the chief of police. "How do you feel now, Frank?"

"Oh, I'll be all right, after a little walk in the open air."

"Yes," nodded the doctor. "We pumped him out before the poison had had any real chance to work. He's safe enough now, and a walk in the open air will be the best thing for him."

"Come along, then," muttered the chief, grimly. "We'll go down and interview Miss Slater."

There was only a chance, of course, that the girl would be at her place of employment, but they decided to take that chance.

"You go to the door first, and ask for her, Manley," suggested Mr. Griscomb, as they paused near the door of the boarding-house in question.

So Frank stepped up to the door and rang the bell.

It was answered by Jennie Slater, in person.

In the first moment the girl appeared surprised—then hugely delighted.

"Oh, I knew you'd come!" she cried. "But I didn't think it would be so soon."

"I guess we'll all come in," called out Chief Griscomb, as he and the other two boys stepped forward.

Jennie appeared greatly surprised, but she ushered them all into the parlor.

"Now, then, young lady," began the chief, grimly, "you called at Manley's store and offered him a drink, which he swallowed. Soon after he was taken ill, and had to be carried into a doctor's. The physician had to pump him out, and says that he was poisoned."

"Poisoned?" echoed the girl.

Her face was whiter, now, than Manley's had been a half an hour before.

"That's what I said," insisted the chief.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she protested.

"It's the fact, none the less. Now, young lady, where did you get the stuff that you asked Frank Manley to drink?"

Clasping both hands over her heart, Jennie Slater breathed hard, like a hunted animal.

"Where did you get the stuff?" repeated the chief.

"Oh, I can't tell you that," she sobbed.

"You'll have to, or I shall arrest you."

"Arrest me!"

"Yes; on the very serious charge of attempted poisoning."

Such real grief did the girl show, so genuine was her fright, that Frank could not help being sorry for her.

She turned appealingly to him, as if she looked for him to help her out of this terrible scrape.

"Well," demanded the chief, grimly, "will you tell me—or shall I take you to the station-house and lock you up?"

"Oh, don't do that," begged the girl, pleadingly. "I—I didn't mean anything wrong."

"Tell me the whole story, then."

"Oh, I'll tell you—but—but I can't tell before these young men."

Griscomb nodded to the three young athletes to step out into the hallway.

"Now!" he insisted, sternly, as soon as he and the girl were alone. "The whole truth, mind you, miss!"

"It was a potion," whispered the white-faced girl.

"A potion?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—a love philter! I mixed it in a bottle of cordial."

"Why did you do it?" insisted the chief, eyeing the girl sternly.

She hung her head as she answered, slowly and softly:

"Because I love Frank Manley. I—I wanted to make him love me!"

"Who gave you the infernal stuff?" questioned the chief.

"The witch doctor sold it to me for two dollars. He said it was sure to work—that Mr. Manley would love me."



"The witch doctor?" repeated Griscomb. "Young lady, if that witch doctor sells any more such stuff, we'll hang him yet for his deviltry!"

## CHAPTER II.

### "THE SLIMIEST MAN THAT BREATHES."

"You believe me, don't you?" sobbed the white-faced girl.

"I believe I do," nodded the chief. "But I want to tell you, my girl, that there isn't a bigger simpleton alive than yourself. These witch doctors are all frauds of the worst kind. He can't win any one's love for you. Do you think Manley will care more for you, after you've come within an ace of poisoning him?"

"You won't tell Mr. Manley about the love philter, will you?" Jennie faltered.

"I am afraid I'll have to. He has a right to know why you gave him poison to swallow."

Jennie hid her white face in her hands, crying bitterly.

"Oh, what will he think of me?"

"Not any more than he did before, I'm afraid," was the chief's uncomfoting answer. "Who was the witch doctor? That old rascal who calls himself Dr. Hogmur?"

Jennie silently nodded her head.

"Well, I'll do the best I can to drive him out of this part of the country," growled Chief Griscomb, as he moved near the door. "And don't you go to him again. He's nothing but an old swindler who ought to be in State's prison!"

Stepping into the hallway, Griscomb nodded to the boys to follow him outside.

On the street Griscomb revealed to the astounded Frank Manley the reason why he had come so near to being killed.

"Poor, silly girl!" muttered Frank.

"But what I'm hot over," growled the police chief, "is that slimy old fraud, Hogmur. I didn't believe he was doing any business in this town. But if this girl has been to him, probably other people have. There are a few fools in this town. With Hogmur giving out such poisons, there's no telling where the mischief will end. I'm going to look him up at once, and give him a strong hint. Want to come along?"

"It might be rather interesting to see a witch doctor in his lair," Frank replied, glancing at his chums.

"Sure," agreed Joe, while Hal nodded.

"Then, if you're going out there now, chief, we'll go with you."

"Come along. Glad of your company."

They knew, by hearsay, where the witch doctor abode.

The way to his place, a deserted, tumble-down old shanty in the woods, lay along the river road for about a mile, and then a turn up over the hill and into a deep bit of forest.

For years the place had lain deserted, but a fortnight or

so ago "Doctor" Hogmur had appeared in Woodstock, and had caused it to be known that he was living in the old shanty in the woods.

"A witch doctor is rather a new one on me," Hal admitted. "What's his line of work?"

"Well, the job played on Manley is a sample," replied Chief Griscomb. "A witch doctor sells a potion that is bound to win the love of the one who gets it to drink. Wives who are afraid their husbands no longer love them buy such trash and administer it in a cup of coffee. If you have an enemy you want to down, give him another kind of potion, and after that he will have no kind of luck. If you want to succeed, buy a charm that is guaranteed to be a luck-bringer. If you are ill, buy a mysterious medicine that will make you healthy until old age comes. And so on. You can buy a medicine or a charm for almost anything you want. If you think some one else has worked a bad spell on you, you can get a charm or a potion to break that spell. Oh, these old witch doctors do a big business among the ignorant!"

A brisk walk took them to the woods in which the shanty lay.

There were no lights visible as they approached the shanty, but Griscomb knocked vigorously.

A shuffling step was heard inside, and then the door opened, letting out a dim light.

"Doctor" Hogmur stood revealed in what light there was.

He peered curiously out, for a moment; then, as he caught sight of the police uniform, he drew back, trying to close the door quickly.

But Griscomb sprang forward and forced his way in, followed by the three young athletes.

"What do you want here?" piped the witch doctor, shrilly.

"Doctor" Hogmur, in the close view that the boys now had of him, was an unkempt and indescribably dirty old man in his seventies.

His dingy black clothes looked as if they must fall away from him through their sheer rottenness.

Such soiled linen as was visible looked as if it had not been changed in weeks.

The old witch doctor was bent, emaciated and shaking, as if with palsy.

But his small, narrow, black eyes gleamed like a serpent's.

There was something utterly repulsive—and dangerous—in his slimy-looking face.

His hair and matted beard were naturally white, but through the locks there were strong traces of black hair dye.

Crawling over the floor of the miserable room were two big black snakes.

Asleep before the fire were two gaunt, black cats. Perched on a shelf near the mantel was an owl that blinked curiously on the scene.

How the witch doctor kept such pets in harmony must have been a secret of his own.



Now he had retreated to a position before the open fireplace, in which some brew was slowly boiling in an iron pot that hung from a hob over the fire.

"What do you want here?" the witch doctor repeated, querulously.

"I want you to leave town between now and daylight," retorted Griscomb, gruffly. "And I want you to stay away."

"You want me to leave town?" echoed "Doctor" Hogmur, angrily. "Now, what have I been doing?"

"Well, for one thing, you sold a young woman a love philter with which she came within an ace of poisoning young Manley here."

"Who says I sold it to her?" demanded the witch doctor.

"She does."

"And are you going to believe every tale told you by a silly girl?" leered the old man, bending forward and scrutinizing the chief with his bright, beady, snakelike eyes.

"Oh, I believe her," gruffed the chief.

"I don't!" retorted the old man.

"It doesn't make any difference whether you do or not. You've got to leave town."

"Why?"

"Because you're a public nuisance and a public danger here!"

"Can you prove that?" laughed the witch doctor, harshly. "Who complains against me? This stupid-looking lout here?"

He glanced jeeringly at Manley.

"Are you going to leave town?" demanded Griscomb, sharply.

"No; I'm not. I don't know what silly things you believe against me, but I'm an honest man, following my calling and minding my own business."

"What is your business, then?" questioned Griscomb, sharply.

"I'm a scientist."

"Pooh!"

"A chemist, following out my own researches in these woods."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care whether you do or not," retorted the old witch doctor, laughing in a shrill cackle.

"If you're just a plain, every-day scientist," propounded Chief Griscomb, "why do people come out here to visit you?"

"Can I keep curious fools away, if they want to come?" demanded Hogmur.

Like other witch doctors, this fellow had had a long and varied experience in defying the police. He knew his rights, and Griscomb saw that the repulsive old wretch could not be bluffed out of town.

"What's that stuff boiling over the fire?" demanded Griscomb, stepping suddenly forward and pushing the old man aside.

The chief and his young friends found themselves gazing into bubbling water, in which a human skull bobbed up and down.

"What devil's brew is this?" rasped Griscomb.

"Just a skull that I am cleaning before I mount it for a museum," replied Hogmur, confidently.

"The truth's not in you!" roared Griscomb, lifting the pot from the fire and starting for the door.

But the witch doctor got before him, crying, shrilly:

"You can't do that! You mustn't! You've got no right——"

"Oh, we'll argue that out afterwards," gruffed Griscomb. "Hold him out of the way, Manley."

Frank caught the old wretch gently by the shoulders, while the police chief strode out of doors with the pot.

"Doctor" Hogmur turned upon our hero, fixing upon him a look that made the young athlete shudder in spite of himself.

"You'll know what it is to make a foe of me!" quivered the old man, in a low, hissing voice.

Griscomb came back, with the pot empty, and tossed it in a corner.

"An outrage for which you shall pay!" panted the old man. "And now, will you get out of here? Remember, this is my home, and you're in it without warrant."

"Oh, I'll get a warrant soon enough," snorted the angry, disgusted chief. "If you insist on staying here, I'll get evidence enough against you to put you in prison for the rest of your filthy life!"

"But until then," questioned Hogmur, with oily taunt, "you'll get out, won't you—or stand the risk of what I can do to assert my right to the sacredness of my home!"

Griscomb saw that he was up against too smooth an article in cunning to accomplish anything for the present.

So he growled out:

"I'm going, for now, Hogmur. But see to it that you don't sell any more charms or potions, or you'll find that you've been trading with a police spy who'll be used as a witness against you."

"Bah!" jeered the witch doctor, without alarm.

"Good night, 'Doctor' Hogmur! And be careful—extra careful!" was Chief Griscomb's parting shot, as he turned to the door.

"And you be careful—exceeding careful!—all you who seek to interfere with a harmless, studious old man like myself. Perhaps you think I am harmless and helpless—but you will learn your mistake!"

"That old rascal," growled Griscomb, as he strode back to the road with the boys, "is about the slimiest man that breathes!"

"Like other slimy things," suggested Hal, "he may be highly poisonous when he takes a dislike to any one!"

"He's got to be driven out of town!" growled Griscomb.

"In that," nodded Frank, "I agree with you. He's a danger to the town through the ignorant people he can control."

"I'll chase him out!" promised the chief.

"And I'll predict a mighty lively time for every one concerned in any doings against that repulsive wretch!" quivered Hal.



## CHAPTER III.

BY THE HAND OF SATAN!

"That fellow is dangerous enough to get a whole town by the ears," muttered Chief Griscomb, as they strode along.

"In what way?" Frank asked.

"Why, a sly, pretending rascal like Hogmur has a tremendous influence over ignorant people. His word is law to them. He can make stupid, brainless people commit almost any crime, under the insane idea that they're protecting themselves against their enemies. I had to make several arrests through trouble caused here a dozen years ago by a woman witch doctor. And she wasn't as slick an article as this Hogmur, either."

"How could you drive him from the town?" Frank queried.

"Only by getting evidence that he is doing something of a criminal nature."

"Is he really doing anything intentionally criminal?"

"Probably half a dozen times a day—if we could only catch him at it."

"I'd like to help you catch him."

"It's too bad—for me—that you're at school just now, Frank."

"Why, school needn't stand in the way. I'm so far ahead in my studies that I could get a little time off as easily as not."

"Would you care to do that?"

"If I can help you, chief."

"Oh, you could help, all right."

"How?"

"By getting evidence against the scoundrel."

"In what way?"

"Frank, I'd be willing enough to leave the 'how' to your own intelligence. You'd find a way to get the right kind of evidence."

"I'll try."

"Will you, though?"

"I certainly will. I'll ask to be excused from the academy to-morrow morning."

"So will I," put in Joe, quickly.

"Which means," laughed Hal, "that I beg to be counted in."

"Say," quivered the police chief, delighted, "'Doc' Hogmur might as well move to-night! To-morrow it may be too late for him to keep out of jail!"

"Then it's agreed," said Frank, quietly.

"To-morrow, you begin to watch this old wretch?"

"Yes; that's the programme."

"Then we'll consider that Hogmur's stay in Woodstock is about at an end."

They parted, soon, the chief to keep on into Woodstock and the boys to take a short cut to camp.

Long before they reached the camp, they saw, between the great bare trees, the glow of the great camp-fire.

They could see, too, well wrapped-up figures flitting about the fire.

"Most of the fellows think that this winter camp is about the greatest thing that ever happened," chuckled Frank.

"Well, it is," Joe maintained.

"Toot! toot!" yelled Hal, through the night.

There was an instant's silence, then a blood-curdling Indian war whoop, yelled by thirty lusty throats, broke on the air.

In another twinkling, the youngsters around the fire had joined hands. They circled the fire in a spirited war dance, yelling like Comanches.

"Having a good time, fellows?" hailed Manley.

"Oh, it's great out here!" yelled a dozen voices.

"It's pretty near nine o'clock," warned the young captain. "You know, that means bedtime, for it's a call at half-past five in the morning to go to the gym."

Some one started singing "Good night, ladies!" and the chorus swelled out lustily.

Then, with a loud racket, thirty-six youngsters scattered into eighteen snow-houses.

Within ten minutes all were in flannel pajamas and tucked away under blankets.

Cold in these snow-houses?

Not a bit of it!

They slept "as warm as toast," these Up and At 'Em Boys, and in air so wholesomely pure that there was actually a sweet taste to it.

Hal, though asleep, tossed for the first hour, dreaming busily of an old man with a snake's head on his shoulders: of grewsome pets and devil's brews from which vapory, grinning death's heads rose in clouds.

But Manley, who never carried his troubles to bed, was soundly and healthfully asleep almost as soon as he pulled the blankets up over him.

Just before five-thirty an alarm clock pealed under Manley's cot.

He woke up promptly, as he always did when called, and groped for the matches under his pillow.

Flare! He lit the candle on the chair beside his cot.

Hal, having awakened, too, was sitting up in bed staring at the foot of Manley's cot.

"Say," demanded Spofford, as if he could not believe his eyes, "what is that thing?"

Manley looked, and started slightly.

"The dickens!" he murmured.

For, lying on the foot of the cot, its "face" turned mockingly toward him, was a grinning human skull.

"Who——" he began, then stopped short.

"It must be a delicate compliment from the witch doctor," he smiled, grimly.

"It gets on a fellow's nerves," gritted Hal.

"What? A skull? Oh, no. It can't hurt any one."

"But, if the witch doctor left that thing there," persisted Hal, "then it's a message."

"And how does the message read?" smiled Manley.

"That skull declares, in effect, that the wretch who



placed it there could have taken your life as easily as he placed that thing there."

"Our friend, the witch doctor, wouldn't dare to be mixed up in murder," Frank retorted.

"I'm not so sure of that," Hal vented, grimly, as he threw aside the bedclothing.

Frank, too, prepared to dress quickly.

But when he came to drawing on the first shoe, he stopped suddenly with a howl.

"Now, what's wrong?" quivered Hal.

"Suffering sinners!" groaned Manley, drawing off the shoe and holding up his stockinged foot. "Look at that!"

Three or four carpet-tacks were sticking in the ends of his toes.

Frank thrust a hand gingerly into the shoe, bringing out more tacks.

Then he shook the other shoe, dislodging more sharp-pointed tacks.

Hal discovered that his own shoes had not escaped attention.

"If this is the witch doctor's doings, he was a busy man through the night," muttered Frank.

"I wouldn't suspect him, but for the skull," Hal declared. "But that skull is old 'Doc' Hogmur's visiting card, all right."

In a good deal of wonder and excitement the two boys dressed, without discovering further evidences of a plot against their comfort.

"Wonder what sort of stuff Joe has struck this morning?" quizzed Hal.

"We'll soon know."

Dressed, now, and with cap and overcoat on, Manley reached for his lantern.

This he lighted, and passed outside to start the camp-fire and arouse the camp.

But, in another moment, he was calling, eagerly:

"Hal, old chap! Come out here, if you want to see the real thing!"

In a jiffy Hal tumbled outside. Manley stood before the outer wall of the snow-house, staring at some letters rudely painted on the snow wall. The characters looked as if they had been laid on with powdered charcoal.

"Just read that!" begged Frank, pointing to the crude writing.

And Hal, with eyes that bulged a little, read the scrawled message:

"Take timely warning, or to-morrow's setting sun will see your end by the hand of Satan!"

"That doesn't need any signature!" grimaced Hal. "Now we know that the old witch doctor has visited us in the night."

"By the hand of Satan, eh?" murmured Frank, forcing a laugh.

Yet, in spite of himself, he shivered a little.

It was as if he had a presentiment of the dangers that were ahead of him.

## CHAPTER IV.

"GOOD-BYE TO WOODSTOCK AND OFF FOR YALE!"

"Excuse you three youngsters from school for a day or two?" repeated Dr. Holbrook.

Frank, Hal and Joe had held up the good old teacher in the academy yard before the beginning of the morning session.

"The matter is rather important, sir," Frank urged.

"Let you off for a day or two?" repeated the doctor, again. "Why you can have the rest of the week away from your studies as well as not. You're so far ahead of your classes that you can have your diplomas this morning if you want them."

"Do you really consider us fit to graduate, sir?" Frank asked, in a little surprise.

"Fit to graduate? Why, young men, you're fitted to take up the work of the Yale freshmen at this minute. You could go right along with the freshmen class at Yale if you were to drop down in New Haven to-morrow."

"Then it's too bad they won't take us in at Yale in the middle of the winter," sighed Frank.

"Won't take you? Who says they won't?"

Frank fairly gasped with a new idea that was surging through his brain.

"Do you mean to say, doctor, that, if we went over to New Haven now, and showed ourselves fitted to go on with the freshman class, they'd allow us to enter at once?"

"Of course they would," smiled Dr. Holbrook. "You don't need to take my word for it, though. Telegraph over to the Dean of the Faculty, stating the case, and you'll have your answer by wire some time to-day."

"What a glorious dream it is!" Frank quivered. "To enter Yale at once, and save a year of our lives!"

Then a serious phase of the question occurred to the young athlete.

"Doctor, would you advise us to leave here and try for Yale at once?"

"Well, it would be rather against my own interests to advise you in that way, but I believe that, as you yourself put it, by trying for Yale at once, you will save a year of your lives."

The bell was ringing, and their principal was forced to leave them.

But, as he went, he called back over his shoulder:

"Think it over."

"Think it over?" Frank fairly quivered. "Won't I, though! Yale at once? Good, glorious old Yale University! The goal of all our dreams—the road to all our ambitions! Yale? Who wouldn't run all the way to New Haven for the sake of entering at Yale?"

"It's the warmest athletic proposition in the country!" Joe declared, his eyes glistening. "Frank, what a record you could make on Yale field—or out in the crew! Think of playing football on the Yale eleven!"

"Grand!" Manley enthused. "But athletics are not all I am thinking of at Yale."



"Maybe not," Joe retorted, drily. "But at Yale, Frank, you'll sure wake things up, even in that lightning, mile-a-second American college. The crew—the eleven—the field—what won't you soon be first in at Yale!"

"It's a great chance—if Dr. Holbrook isn't in error about our chance of getting in there at once!" glowed Hal.

"Fellows," proclaimed Frank, his eyes blazing joyously, "if there's a ghost of a show for us, then it's good-by to Woodstock and off for Yale!"

"Amen!" came from the depths of Joe's chest.

"Oh, it's great!" choked Hal. "I hope it's true—what the doctor said."

"We'll find out, instead of standing here like simpletons!" uttered Frank.

He wheeled, the other two youngsters following after him. Frank sent to Yale a full telegram of inquiry, begging an immediate answer by wire.

"And now, what next?" he asked, as they stepped out of the railway station.

"I know one thing that will have to be done," said Hal, half-sadly.

"What?"

"We'll have to go through a stormy time when we tell the fellows of the club."

"Heavens, what will the fellows do without Frank Manley?" gasped Joe.

"Get a new Frank?" laughed our hero.

"That's not so easy!" Hal retorted.

"Why, the club is full of good material for leadership," Manley disputed. "There's Bob Everett, Mike McGuire, Lon Humphrey—oh, there are a dozen fellows who can lead the club to-morrow. They won't miss us after they get used to not seeing our faces."

"Poor club, without its Manley!" sighed Joe.

But Frank laughed merrily at the idea that the club could not get along without its present captain and lieutenants.

"It will do some of the fellows good to have a chance at leadership," our hero declared.

"Hadden't we better go home and take our parents into our confidence?"

"It's just what I'm going to do, without the loss of a moment," Frank replied. "Fellows, we'll meet at the gym in a couple of hours."

"And that other matter?" Hal hazarded.

"What other matter?"

"The witch doctor."

"Oh! Well, while we've got the Yale bee fresh in our bonnets, I'm afraid we'll have to ask the witch doctor to wait our convenience. But we can get after him by noon."

Frank hurried away, full of his plan and anxious to talk it over with his mother.

As soon as the nature of the plan dawned on her, a gleam of eager pleasure flashed into Mrs. Manley's eyes.

"By getting you in the freshman class this year, instead of next, it will save a year of your young working life, Frank," was the sensible view his mother took.

"Then you approve, mother?"

"More than that! I shall be thankful if you can carry out this plan."

"But you, mother?"

"Oh, I shall get along very well, my son."

"But couldn't you go to New Haven to live?"

"I hadn't thought of that?"

"Then do think of it, mother, please. It wouldn't be pleasant to go away and leave you behind, seeing nothing of you most of the year. Why, there's nothing to keep you here, and you can just as well live at New Haven. Say you'll go, mother, and that'll make my new plan twice as attractive."

"Then I can't very well say no, my son—and I don't want to say no, anyway."

But now Frank found himself facing the hardest part of the new plan.

That was to go away from Woodstock and leave his sweetheart, Kitty Dunstan, behind.

"What great good times we've had together!" Manley sighed, as he plodded up the hill road to the Dunstan house. "Oh, dear, it will be tough to leave Kit behind and see her only a few weeks in the summer."

And then another big jolt came to him, for the first time.

"Why, if mother breaks up her home here, what real excuse will I have for coming to Woodstock in the summer? If John Dunstan got an idea in his head that I came to Woodstock just to see his daughter, I'm afraid he'd do his best to break things off before Kit and I have our plans ready to carry out."

This was a serious facer, and Frank pondered over it for some minutes as he hurried along the road.

Then a new thought came to him.

"I'll wait and see what Kit has to say. Aren't sweethearts about the same thing as partners? We'll see what she has to say."

Resolutely trying not to think more about the subject for the present, he hurried on until he found himself at the Dunstan door.

Then he was quickly admitted to Kitty's presence in the morning reception-room.

"Playing truant?" she cried, gaily. "No matter, though, as long as I am the gainer. But what makes you look so awfully solemn, Frank?"

"Well, the truth is, Kit, I am thinking of leaving Woodstock."

"Leaving Woodstock?" Kit echoed, becoming serious in an instant. "And leaving me, too? Now, that is bad news, dear. I'd rather not have heard it."

"Kit, Dr. Holbrook has told Hal, Joe and myself that we're well enough fitted to enter Yale at once and go right on with the freshman class, instead of waiting to enter next year's class. I can tell you, we three youngsters have suddenly become Yale-crazy! It means so much to us in every way to be at Yale. It's the greatest college in America—in the world, I almost want to think. At Yale there's so much that a young man wants to do and be."

"Including the Yale athletics?" Kit asked, slyly.



"Well, I'll admit, honestly, that athletics have their share in the great spell of charm that is over us to-day."

"And so for Yale you'd leave me behind?" Miss Dunstan asked, looking directly into her hero's eyes.

Frank choked up quickly.

"Don't put it that way, Kit," he begged. "It's going to be hard enough leaving Woodstock, anyway."

But Miss Kitty had suddenly thrown her arms lightly around his shoulders, and now she was laughing merrily.

"What's the joke?" Frank asked, dumbly.

"So you're really going to Yale?"

"Why, that's the present plan."

"Then I'm going, too."

"You, Kit?"

"Why, of course."

"But girls can't——"

"Oh, you ninny, I've no notion of going to Yale."

"Then what——"

"I'll go to New Haven to live."

"But your father——"

"Oh, he'll be useful, you know, in taking me there and looking after such a very troublesome girl as I am. Poor dad won't mind."

Manley was gasping, now, with astonishment. He more than half suspected that his sweetheart was making fun of him, for her eyes danced with laughter.

"Kit," he begged, humbly, "will you be good enough to stop fooling and talk sense?"

"I never meant anything more than I meant what I just said," she retorted, and now her face looked more serious.

"But you said you'd go to New Haven and live?"

"So I will, if you do. But take your arm away, Frank, stop gasping, take a seat, and look more like a serious young man."

Frank dropped into a chair, asking slowly:

"Kit, clever as you are, how on earth are you going to get your father to give up his home here and take you to New Haven to live?"

"Oh, I know he's a rather difficult father to manage, as fathers go," Kit replied, with a toss of her head. "But he's going to New Haven to live when I say the word. That's no brag, either, dear, but a cold, calm statement of fact."

"I shall be easier when I really see you in New Haven," murmured Frank.

He knew what a hard and difficult man John Dunstan could be at times.

Though the old man really lived for little else than his only child, yet John Dunstan had strong ideas of the necessity of ruling that child according to his own will.

"The thing couldn't be easier," Kit went on, coolly. "Less than a fortnight ago papa was almost fully determined to take up with a chance he had to buy into the management of a great arms manufacturing company in New Haven. He was already to sign the papers and pay in his money. But he talked it over with me. It didn't suit me to leave Woodstock while you were here, Frank, so

I did all I could to discourage the idea. I succeeded, too, in breaking up the plan," she wound up, complacently.

"You didn't tell me a word about it, before."

"Because, you dear old goose, I didn't want to worry you with thinking that I might have to leave Woodstock. I just fought it out by myself. As I said before, papa is a hard father to manage, but I succeeded. I killed that New Haven plan flat in the end. And now—oh, dear!—I've got to fan it into life again."

"Can you?" Frank asked, anxiously.

Kitty sprang to her feet and stood facing him, her eyes flashing almost indignantly.

"Can I?" she repeated. "You don't know Kit Dunstan very well yet, do you, dear? If I could handle other folks in the world as easily as I do poor old dad in the end, I'd be one of the most wonderful persons alive."

"You are, anyway!" Frank cried.

But Kitty calmly ignored the flattery.

"When will you know for sure about the Yale idea?" she asked.

"As soon as I get the return telegram from Yale."

"Then let me know—like lightning. Just telephone me that it's O. K. That's all you need to say. The girl you sent the valentine to will do her share!"

"By Jove! If you can!" Frank cried, happily.

"No doubts," Kitty retorted, severely. "Doubts are a reflection on the girl who embroidered your initial on a batch of handkerchiefs!"

She caught Frank's eye, and both laughed, full of the happy, irresistible nonsense of youth.

"So run along and make your plans," whispered Kitty Dunstan. "When they're made—why, please count me in!"

In this new, great happiness, Frank dallied a few minutes longer, then remembered that Hal and Joe might be waiting.

"You'll keep me posted," whispered Kitty, as he kissed her good-by. "And don't let dear old dad get a whisper of this plan until he's in New Haven. If he suspects, he may be impossible to manage."

## CHAPTER V.

### CRUSHED IN THE COILS!

It had been a busy forenoon for all of the youngsters.

Hal had secured permission at home to carry out his Yale idea if he could.

Joe had had not the slightest difficulty. His fond old Uncle Eb stood ready to pay all the college bills for his only nephew.

Joe had seen his sweetheart, Fannie Jackson.

"She told me to go ahead," Joe related. "Said she'd find a way to give me a glimpse of her once in a while."

"You're not as lucky as I am, though," Hal interjected.

"How's that?" Joe asked, innocently.

"Grace Scott's home is in New Haven."

"By the great Dewey, so it is!" blazed Joe. "Hal, Hal,



no wonder you didn't have a peep of a word to say against the Yale scheme."

"Why should I?" laughed Hal.

"How about you, Frank?" Joe asked.

"It may come out all right," Frank smiled.

"How?"

"I'm asked not to say anything about it just now. And, by the way, fellows, I wish you wouldn't say anything about the scheme to the club fellows, or any one else, just yet. I have reasons for not wanting the thing noised about just yet."

Yale! That was the great burden of their thoughts just now.

Yale! The one word that came up oftenest, even though at this moment they were tramping off on the business they had undertaken for Chief Griscomb.

It was Hal who first brought up the subject of the witch doctor.

"What are we really going to do?" asked Spofford.

"I can't tell until we've looked the ground over," Frank answered. "What the chief wants is some evidence or information that will enable him to drive the old wretch away from his ignorant followers in Woodstock. By watching 'Doctor' Hogmur we may hit upon the way of ridding the town of his unhealthful presence."

"If there are many poor, deluded people visiting this witch doctor," Joe hinted, "we might shadow them away, report them to Chief Griscomb, and he could frighten them into giving evidence that would send this slimy old monster to jail."

"A close look-in is likely to point out the way to us," Manley ventured.

They were leaving the river road, now, and following the hill road that led to the woods in which the old shanty stood.

"Think of the old fellow's cheek," gruffed Joe. "Leaving us word to prepare for our own funerals."

"If he's going to prowl about our camp at night," returned Frank, "we've got to go to the trouble of posting a night guard."

"That'll not be popular!" grimaced Hal. "It was so cold last night that there wouldn't have been any fun in standing guard out in the cold."

"The witch doctor didn't seem to find it too cold for prowling," growled Joe.

"If it was he who came to the camp," Frank responded. "But he has so many poor dupes and tools that he may have sent one of them to us to do that hocus-pocus business."

They were so near to the witch doctor's shanty, now, that the boys went forward with more caution.

"There've been more people here this morning to see the witch doctor," declared Joe, pointing to fresh foot-prints in the path that led through the woods to the shanty.

They were still just out of sight of the shanty.

"Can't we find some place from which we can watch the door of the place?" Frank wondered.

"There's just the thing," Hal whispered, a few moments later.

He pointed to a big packing-case that lay in the snow, at a point from which the shanty would be visible.

"I believe that will do pretty well," Frank replied. "Follow me, forward—in single file."

Bending low, they stole forward, halting behind the big packing-case.

From here they controlled a good view of the front door of the shanty.

"Empty," Frank proclaimed, tilting the packing-case slightly.

"Looks as if it had been here a long while," Hal added.

"It's going to be a cold lookout station," gritted Joe. "I hope there'll be something doing before we freeze to death crouching here in the deep snow."

"If there isn't anything doing," Frank retorted, "it'll be because that slimy old monster isn't finding any chance to break the law."

"People of that kind ought to be hung!" muttered Joe. "They work more harm in a community than a burglar could do."

"Griscomb won't do much less than hang the old wretch, if he can get any decent evidence against him," Frank laughed.

"We'll do our best to get the evidence," Hal returned.

"Then Griscomb will do the rest."

"This'll be the last excitement we'll be in before we say good-by to Woodstock," Hal almost sighed.

"Then we'll make it good enough to last," Frank smiled. "Somehow, I imagine we're not going to have the easiest kind of a time in driving old Hogmur out of Woodstock."

"You believe he can fight back hard?"

"I am almost certain of it."

"Would he go to extremes?"

"To the nastiest kind of extremes," Frank declared. "A fellow in his loathsome kind of calling must have to fight for his safety so often that he becomes as expert as a rattlesnake in striking at his enemies."

"But that warning on the side of the snow-hut was a threat of death."

"And he'd make good, too, fellows, if we pushed him too far and he got a chance to come back at us."

"I'd like to see him try something—when I'm wide-awake," growled Joe.

There was a sudden upheaval of the packing-case that made the youngsters start with amazement.

As the case rolled over, something long and black crawled out from underneath, and then stood up.

"'Doc' Hogmur?" Frank gasped, in astonishment.

It was the old witch doctor, indeed, who stood there now, eyeing them with that smiling, oily, mocking look.

"Good morning, young gentlemen!" he squeaked. "I am sorry to take you by surprise."

"Surprise is the right word," Frank admitted, grimly.

The witch doctor emitted a nasty little laugh as he inquired:



"What do you want here with me, young gentlemen? How can the poor old man serve you?"

Frank frowned quickly.

"'Doc' Hogmur, we might as well drop all pretence, since you couldn't have helped hearing what we said when we didn't know you were so near."

"Yes, I heard," replied the old man, dropping his mocking manner for one more serious. "I am sorry, too, that your policeman objects to letting this poor old man stay here in peace. But I am not as powerful as the police. I admit that, and I am going. I spent a restless night of worry, and this morning I began to get ready to leave."

"Were you getting ready under that case?" Joe grunted.

"Why, no, of course not." "Doc" Hogmur replied, with an appearance of candor. "To be truthful with you, young gentlemen, I feared that your chief of police would be much rougher with me. So I hid under that box because it was a good place from which to watch any one who went near that miserable hut. Yes, I admit that I was badly scared, and feared ruthless arrest."

"Then you're going to leave town without fuss?" asked Frank, glad if there could be so simple a way out of it.

"I leave town within an hour or two. As soon as I can finish my little packing and get a teamster to come and take my stuff."

"That sounds fair," spoke Frank, though rather doubtfully.

"You doubt my word!" cried the witch doctor, half-angrily.

"I didn't say that."

"But you meant it?"

"As much, perhaps," retorted Manley, "as you meant the message that you wrote in charcoal on the wall of my snow-house."

"A message?" echoed Hogmur, looking puzzled.

"Oh, if you're going to deny it," Frank retorted, indifferently, "it doesn't matter much, after all."

"But I beg to assure you, young gentlemen——"

"It will be much more to the purpose," Frank interrupted him, "if you will convince us that you mean to say a prompt good-by to Woodstock. Hurry your packing and get the teamster, won't you?"

"I see that you won't easily believe me," half-wailed the old witch doctor. "Yet I am honest. I am telling you the truth. But no! You want proof, and proof you shall have. Follow me, and learn that I speak the truth."

Not looking to see if they followed, "Doctor" Hogmur started on a rapid, wavering walk to the shanty.

Frank strode after him. Hal and Joe followed.

"You shall go inside—you shall see for yourselves!" cried the old witch doctor, shrilly, as he paused before his door, fumbling in his pockets for the key.

He unlocked the door, threw it open and stepped back, with a low, if rather stiff, bow.

"Step in! Walk right in!" he begged, shrilly. "Look over everything—into everything. Search and paw over to your hearts' content, young gentlemen. You shall find that I speak the truth."

Frank stepped inside, Hal and Joe following at his heels.

Nor did they realize how pitch dark it was inside until, with a mocking laugh, the old witch doctor pulled the door shut on them.

"The old——" Manley started, vehemently.

But he did not go further.

Other eyes than theirs saw well enough in the dark of that fearful place.

Three blows sounded quickly.

Then followed the sounds of three bodies dropping to the floor.

Listening from the outside, the old witch doctor laughed shrilly.

Then, throwing open the door, he glided swiftly inside to inspect the devilish work that had been done by his order.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CATCHING A HUMAN SNAKE.

The three young athletes lay still enough, huddled in a heap on the floor as they had fallen.

"You didn't kill them?" demanded "Doctor" Hogmur, tremulously.

"No; I guess not," came an answer in the darkness.

"I told you to be careful!"

"We was as careful as we could be. We had to be quick, you know."

"I'll give you more light; then tie 'em," quavered the hideous old man.

As the door was pushed further open, and daylight streamed a little way into the place, the figures of two men moved quickly about under the witch doctor's directions.

Frank and Hal were tied, first, at the wrists. Then Joe was bound in similar manner.

None of the three boys showed, yet, any sign of stirring.

Lighting a candle, the old witch doctor himself carefully inspected the lashings with stout bagging twine.

"They won't get out of that," he chuckled.

"And now, boss?" spoke one of the two men.

"Get out!" came the sharp answer.

"All right, boss. Shall we stay near, for a call?"

"No; I don't want to see you again."

"All right, boss. We'll skip."

"And don't do any talking."

"Oh, not a word, boss!" came the quick, eager, anxious denial.

"Because, if you do talk," quavered the witch doctor, raising a menacing hand, "I'll put you under a spell that will lead you surely to the gallows!"

"Don't put the hoodoo on us, 'Doc,' " begged both men, in quick alarm.

"If you don't talk, you'll prosper," promised the witch doctor, earnestly. "Here, take these charms with you. They'll bring you wonderful luck, if you're silent."



With trembling hands the two rascals received the objects that the old man thrust upon them.

"Now, get out!" Hogmur ordered, once more.

The two men—ragged and dirty—hurried from the shanty. They were fit specimens of the ignorant folks whom the witch doctor held under the spell of his pretended magic powers.

As soon as he had closed the door, the old man shot a bolt into place.

Then he turned and held the candle low for another glance at the prostrate, silent boys.

"The little fools!" shrilled the old man. "They wouldn't have any sense! Well, they shall find out that I am what they called me—a snake! And my kind of a snake is full of poison—not like those harmless, bloated things crawling on the floor over there."

The witch doctor shot a look of contempt at the two "property" snakes that crawled lazily in the warmth near the fire.

"And now, to see if there's any life left in these foolish children," proposed the old man.

He went to a cupboard, in which he rummaged, producing, at last, a brown bottle that he held up to the candle-light.

"A few drops of this apiece," he muttered.

Going back to the boys, he bent over them, administering to each in turn a very little of the fluid in the bottle.

However much of a quack he might be, "Doctor" Hogmur surely had a valuable restorative in this, for, inside of a minute, all three of the youngsters had opened their eyes.

"Do you know where you are?" cackled the witch doctor, his hideous eyes leering into Frank's.

"Yes," replied Manley, briefly.

"You thought I was an old fool, eh?" chuckled the old man. "Thought I was dreaming when I wrote that message on the walls of your snow-hut? Now, tell me, who was the fool?"

"That warning hinted at death," hinted Frank.

"And have I not the power of death in my hands now?"

Manley gave a violent start.

He tried to see whether he could read the purpose of murder in those snakelike eyes.

"Do you think I shall be fool enough to let you live?" cackled the witch doctor.

"You won't dare to kill us all," quivered Frank.

"Won't? Who is to hinder me?"

"That's nonsense," Frank retorted.

"It is my privilege, now, young sir, to say what is nonsense and what is sense!"

"Why, you'd hang, quicker than a flash," vaunted Frank.

"Not unless the bodies were found, young sir!" cackled the old man. "I never make mistakes. The bodies won't be found! What an advertisement it will be for the old witch doctor. You three have threatened me, and you disappear. There will be great search for you, but no trace of you will be found! People will say that the old witch doctor is dangerous—that he knows how to dispose of his ene-

mies—and of other people's enemies! Then all who have enemies will come to seek my aid. People will believe once more in the old witch doctor's powers. Oh, yes! A wonderful advertisement!"

As Hogmur bent over the young athletes, Manley read, in the repulsive old eyes, an insane recklessness of purpose.

Vanity had triumphed in that diseased old brain.

Wicked to the core, utterly without any fragment of a conscience, this old wretch now saw in the disappearance of the boys a sensation that would result in great profit to his pocket.

Frank no longer felt like scoffing.

This human snake meant to strike hard, with fangs full of poison.

Hal remained shudderingly silent, horrified into silence.

Joe, though dauntless, felt that, if talking could do any good, Manley could talk best for them all.

But Frank felt that talking would do no good.

Nothing but action could save, and that action must be of the promptest.

He tugged at the lashings on his wrists.

It seemed hopeless, for, at each tug, the cords only cut in more deeply.

Yet inaction meant death. He read that, fully and clearly, in the old scoundrel's eyes, in his manner and in his tone.

So Frank, lying on his side, with his hands behind his back, tugged desperately, striving with all his might to burst the cords.

Nor was it long before the beady, snake-like eyes detected what he was doing.

"The young gentleman would be free!" came the shrill cackle. "Try! Work! Strive! Oh, the work has been well done. You will tire yourself, but you cannot be free. Only this poor old man could make you free—and he knows better!"

Wrench! tug!

Then something gave way.

Frank Manley uttered a shout of joy.

He had accomplished the impossible—had broken the bonds that had held his wrists.

"No, you don't!" shrilled the old man.

He turned and fairly leaped for the door of the room adjoining.

"I'll show you, young sir!" he quavered.

But Manley, leaping to his feet, bounded after the old witch doctor.

He caught Hogmur, just at the doorway.

"Come back here, you nuisance to the world!" gritted the young athlete.

With both hands gripping in the old man's shabby coat collar, the young athlete wrenched his prisoner backward.

"Doctor" Hogmur came as lightly as if he had been nothing but an inflated rubber ball.

Frank was astonished at the slight power of resistance there was in this active old man.

"You'll stay here, right where I can grip you with both



hands." Frank gritted desperately. "Where I can crush you, if I need to do such a thing!"

"Let me go!" wailed the witch doctor, angrily. "Let me go, or my worst spell——"

"Hang you and your spells!" laughed Manley, forcing the old wretch across the floor with one hand.

Then, taking out his pocket-knife, but holding the witch doctor with one strong hand, the young athlete bent over to slash Joe's wrists free, after he had pulled open a blade with his teeth.

This done, he dropped the knife beside Prescott, who quickly had Hal at liberty.

"Now, I reckon your fun is about over," muttered Frank, grimly.

"Bah! What do you think you can do to a poor old man who has my wonderful powers?" quavered the witch doctor.

"I'm not going to think much about it," Frank retorted.

"I happen to know what we can do. In the first place, we were feloniously assaulted here in this old hut. That was at your orders, and it makes a handy little State's prison charge. In the next, you threatened our lives. That's another State's prison matter. So, 'Doctor' Hogmur, we'll simply trouble you to get along over the ground with us to the Woodstock police station!"

"You fools!" squeaked the old man. "Do you think I'll go?"

"It looks that way," Frank retorted. "You're an old man, and I can't forget that. I shall handle you as gently as you will make it possible for me to do—but go you must!"

At a sign from Manley, Hal threw open the door.

"Doctor" Hogmur, in that strong grip, found himself being forced, relentlessly, along the path to the road.

"Stop!" implored the old man. "I'm willing to pay for my release. 'I can pay well, too!'"

"Can you?" Frank chuckled. "Then come right along and explain your offer to the chief of police. March!"

Muttering incoherently, the witch doctor permitted himself to be forced along in triumph.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "THE DEVIL TAKES CARE OF HIS OWN!"

"You young men have no mercy, have you?"

Yet the witch doctor, as he put this question to Manley, was not pleading.

Neither was he raging.

"Doctor" Hogmur's little eyes twinkled with wickedness and mockery.

But as neither Manley nor the other boys answered his question, he asked, presently:

"What do you plan to do with me?"

"To turn you over to the chief of police," Manley answered, shortly.

"And you expect to do it?"

"Oh, we are sure enough of that!" Manley retorted.

"Unless you happen to die on the way," Joe supplemented, grumblingly.

The witch doctor cackled in what was meant for merriment.

"Do you young gentlemen actually believe you are going to be able to take me to the police station?"

"It looks that way," Hal responded.

"But you are losing track of the main fact."

"Eh? What's that?"

"What about old Satan?" demanded the old man, insinuatingly.

"We'll give you the palm for knowing more about him than we do," Hal retorted.

"Have you never heard it said that the devil takes care of his own?" persisted "Doctor" Hogmur.

"Yes. Let's see what care he takes of you."

"Oh, you fools!" chuckled the witch doctor.

"Will you do us a great favor?" Frank demanded, abruptly.

"What is it, my young friend?"

"We don't like the sound of your voice."

"Oh!"

"It isn't a nice kind of a voice. The less we hear of it the better we are pleased."

"Yes."

"If you would do us the supreme favor of not talking during the rest of the way, we would feel like doing almost anything for you except to let you go."

After that "Doc" Hogmur addressed no more remarks to the boys.

But he kept up an incessant, wicked, incoherent muttering.

He cackled repeatedly, treating the whole affair as a huge joke that could not result to his discomfiture.

Then he began to sing, and the singing was rather worse than his talking had been.

He chanted something in an unknown tongue—perhaps pure gibberish—all the while rolling his eyes and smiling wickedly.

It gave Manley the "creeps" to watch the old wretch.

For relief, he avoided looking directly at the wicked old man, but kept track of him out of the corner of his eyes.

The witch doctor was now traveling at fairly good speed, ambling, shamblingly along before the boys, without any forcing on their part.

They approached a part of the road that ran through a gully, with high, sloping banks on either side.

The witch doctor was "paddling" along a dozen feet or so in advance of them as they entered this little gully.

"Look out!" came Joe's sudden, warning cry.

But it was too late, even for Prescott to follow his own advice.

An avalanche of snow had started to slide down one of the slopes.

Even before Joe, who was the first to see the great white mass sliding down upon them, had time to spring back he found himself engulfed up above his waist.

More and more of it came.

The three young athletes, fighting against the snow-slide, found themselves enveloped in the swiftly moving mass.



It blocked the road, that huge mass of tons and tons of snow.

The three young athletes found themselves covered under it.

Overhead, all was white, as the snow piled up and buried them.

The weight of the great mass became crushing.

More than that, the three youngsters found themselves separated.

Each must wage his own fight to get out of the plight.

Frank felt that more and more of the snow was coming.

Would the huge snow-slide never stop?

Fortunately, he could breathe.

Had it not been for that he must have perished then and there.

But if the snow-slide went on piling up and up, it might take them a long time to burrow out.

But Frank felt—for he could not see—that the weight had stopped.

The snow-slide, then, must have ceased.

Patiently, but vigorously, Manley began to burrow his way out.

As he had no means of knowing over how long a stretch of road the slide had extended, he decided to burrow his way upward.

This was a long task, involving the tramping and packing down of snow on which to stand in his upward progress.

Never had he imagined that it could be such slow work.

But at last, after perhaps a half an hour of continuous effort, he got his head above the snow.

The great depth of the slide extended only for some forty feet.

I'd have gotten out as quickly if I had burrowed straight ahead," Frank muttered. "But the other fellows? Where are they? Hal!"

There was no answer.

"Joe!"

Near our hero a pile of snow was humped up.

Then, through the rearing of the white mass Prescott's face appeared.

"The deuce!" growled Joe.

Throwing himself on his side, Manley rolled over to his friend, quickly helping him out of the hole.

"Where's Hal?" was Joe's first question.

"Somewhere in this small, white mountain," Frank grimaced.

They called, repeatedly, at last receiving an answer.

Rolling over and over on the snow, they located the spot where Hal was working upward to the light.

It was not many moments before they had his head clear.

"And now where's the old party?" grumbled Joe.

"Small loss if he's still buried," gritted Hal.

"We can't leave him to die in the snow," Frank protested.

So they searched, patiently, but with no result in finding their man.

They could not burrow through the entire pile, but they went through enough of the snow to feel fairly sure that

"Doctor" Hogmur had not been engulfed in that great slide.

"What did he tell us?" growled Joe.

"That the devil takes care of his own," Hal grimaced.

"Well, he has done it this time."

They were in the beaten road, now, on the side toward Woodstock.

But here the road had been packed down by so many pairs of feet that the young athletes could not be sure whether they saw any prints of Hogmur's.

"We can follow along," Hal suggested, "and see whether we find any point at which he has beaten out of the road."

"Oh, the old witch doctor is a long way ahead of us now," Frank decided. "Well, after all, we've done all we agreed to. That was to find some evidence on which the old scoundrel could be driven from town."

"We've got evidence enough," Joe grunted, "but no prisoner."

"Let Chief Griscomb find the fellow now," hinted Hal.

"Not such a bad idea to put it up to the chief," Frank agreed. "It happens that we have important matters of our own on hand."

"That telegram from Yale must have got in by this time," ventured Joe.

"Just what I'm thinking of," Frank nodded.

They hurried along toward the town, until Joe suddenly came to a dead halt.

"By the great Dewey! fellows, I believe old Hogmur arranged that snow-slide himself."

"How could he?" Hal demanded. "You don't believe in real black art, do you?"

"But he has a lot of ignorant people under his control," Joe insisted. "Now, two or three fairly strong men could have given a shove that would have sent a great mass of snow down that slope. The snow is sticky to-day, and will slide in masses. You know how easy it would be to push a great mass of sticky snow off a sloping roof."

"I've been thinking of all that," Frank replied. "Now, men who started that slide could push a lot more snow down a slope after it. And all the time they could be behind the snow where no one would see them."

"The old chap was mighty sure we'd never get him as far as Woodstock," Hal remembered.

"Then he probably had two or three of his people posted there behind that great weight of snow. It would do equally well for covering us or any policemen that Griscomb might send to bring him into town."

"If old 'Doc' Hogmur got up anything as clever as that," cried Frank, "then I vote for keeping up the chase against him. He's a foeman worthy of our steel. He'll give us an exciting chase before we wind him up."

"Almost too exciting," Hal declared. "I don't like the feel of anything as slimy as that old chap."

"I'm for law and order," laughed Joe.

"What do you mean by that?" Hal demanded.

"Why, the police want this sly, elusive old fellow. I'm for helping the police out by finding this old wretch."



"Especially as we're not needed at the academy, and have little else to do with our time," Frank nodded.

"Well, if you fellows are in for it, of course I am, too," Hal agreed. "Shall we turn about and go back to the old shanty now?"

"Not until we've got the telegram from Yale," Frank replied. "That's the thing of first importance to-day."

When they reached Woodstock, they found that no telegram had yet arrived.

So they filled in the time of waiting by going around to the police station, where they agreed to do their best to produce the old witch doctor for the uses of the law.

Then back to the railway station they went. There they sat down and waited, forgetful of food or anything else, until at last the fateful message clicked in.

Manley, with his knowledge of telegraphy, heard his name clicking out on the sounder.

He held up his hand for deep silence as the clicking went on.

"Fellows," he quivered, at last, "the answer is 'yes.' We can enter Yale at once, if we can go far enough in the examinations!"

"Yale!" throbbed Joe.

"Great old Yale!" quivered Hal.

There was a moment's trembling silence, then Frank said, drily:

"We might as well acknowledge it, fellows. The first thing we want to do is to make a break for the telephone. Come on!"

They felt as if walking on air, these boys to whom had suddenly come the certainty that the great college life was to be theirs without delay.

For as to the examinations at New Haven, they stood not a mite in doubt.

Doctor Holbrook had told them they would pass. That was enough for them.

"Frank, after giving the call over the telephone, could hardly wait for the sound of Kitty's voice.

"Well, dear, the answer has come," he told her. "O. K."

"Great!" came Kitty's cheery answer.

"And now, your part!"

"That's mine to do."

"You don't doubt, Kit?"

"Why should I? Haven't I put a great many years of thought into the subject of managing one fond, if stern, father?"

"You're a great girl, Kit!"

"I wonder how I'll like New Haven?"

"As well as I'm going to, I hope, dear girl!"

"I shall manage to like New Haven, Frank, as long as you are there. Grace will be pleased up to the skies to have me over there."

"And to have Hal there, too."

"Oh, well, I'm not going to speak for Grace. Let Hal ask her. But how about poor old Joe, Frank?"

"Joe is handling his own troubles. I hope he'll come out. Fannie's folks will do about whatever she wants,

even to standing on their heads on the New Haven Common."

"Well, I shall have to be at work soon. Papa is expected home for his luncheon. I must think out my campaign before then."

"But you don't doubt much, Kit, dear?"

"If you ask me that again I shall ring off. I'd better, anyway, for I have more than an ordinary amount of effort ahead of me."

So Frank himself rang off and hurried home to tell his mother the news.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN INFERNAL NIGHT OF IT.

The witch doctor had flown.

At least that was the general opinion in the winter camp of the Up and At 'Em Boys that night.

In the afternoon Frank and his two lieutenants had gone again to the shanty in the woods.

They had found Hogmur absent.

Though they waited three hours, he did not return.

While there they killed the snakes and threw them out in the deep snow.

"That'll incur the old fellow's enmity, if anything would," Joe had growled.

"But if he isn't coming back this way he won't know it," smiled Frank.

So they returned to Woodstock, had their suppers, then walked briskly back to the little village of snow-houses.

A great fire of logs and brush burned out in the open, lighting up the whole camp.

All hands were there but the Trouble Trio. Those three adventurous youngsters had departed to put in the evening watching for "Doctor" Hogmur's return to his shanty.

What an all-absorbing topic the departure of the club's three leaders would have made!

But as yet the youngsters knew nothing of this.

So, instead, they talked of the affair of the witch doctor.

The general belief was that Hogmur had flown.

Frank certainly hoped so, for the old man made much too disagreeable and ingenious an enemy to have at close quarters.

From back in the woods came an ear-splitting yell that almost froze the blood of some of the hearers.

"Trouble!" shouted Lon Humphrey, jumping up.

"It sounded like the cry of a lost soul!" muttered little Jack Winston, the club's youngest and smallest athlete.

"We ought to look into it," quivered several.

Anxious faces turned to Manley.

"It sounded more like a wild beast," he said, slowly.

Again came the blood-chilling yell.

They listened intently. It was much more like a beast's cry than they had thought at first.

"Jupiter!" exclaimed Joe. "I've got that placed now. I heard that once before, down in the Maine woods."

Again the cry, from a different point, and more ear-splitting than before.



"Name it," begged Jim Larrabee.

"Fellows, it's a catamount. It must be a big one, too."

"How can it be?" demanded Humphrey. "There are no wild beasts in these woods of ours."

Again the yell, from still another point.

"By Jnpiter!" gritted Joe. "It sounds as if there were more than one of the beasts, too. It's a catamount call, and nothing else."

"A catamount wouldn't attack a crowd, would it?" demanded Dick Gaylord.

"No, nor a half a dozen of them, either," spoke Frank Manley, quietly.

"But a fellow doesn't like to go to sleep with only a blanket for a door with such varmints prowling about," muttered Si Prentiss.

"And we haven't a gun in camp!"

"Nor a dog."

Frank looked keenly at Hal.

"What do you think, old fellow?" he whispered.

"Do you mean the—the witch doctor?" Hal asked, open-eyed.

"Well, what else, unless we believe that these woods have suddenly become the haunt of wild beasts."

"But could the old fellow imitate the cry so well?"

"Why not—since there are so many other creepy things he can do? But it need not be Hogmur himself. He could have others doing the trick."

"Do you think so?" Joe broke in.

The idea was put to all the youngsters.

But for twenty minutes nothing more was heard.

Then, suddenly, just as the youngsters were settling down to calmer spirits, there came a woman's startling appeal for help.

In an instant a dozen fellows leaped forward into the night, rushing for the spot whence the cry had appeared to come.

"Keep together!" shouted Frank, leaping after them.

They explored the woods in vain. Near the spot from which the cry had appeared to proceed, there was not even another footprint than their own in the fresh, unmarked snow.

Greatly puzzled, and not a little shaken, they came back to the campfire, to discuss the occurrence with the other fellows.

But now a new sound came to them—the bitter, heart-broken sobbing of a child somewhere off in the woods.

Again a searching party went out, and with lanterns, but all to no purpose.

"This thing is getting serious," declared Jim Larrabee, as they gathered once more around the campfire. "It's enough to make a fellow think he's going loony."

"Perhaps some of you fellows would rather sleep in your homes to-night," suggested Manley.

The insinuation was enough to put all indignantly on their mettle.

But now, through the forest of tall, bare trees, came a low, plaintive moaning. It shifted rapidly. Any human

being from whom the sound came was moving at more than human speed.

"Well, we know that there's no use in going out to look for anything again," Frank declared. "We may as well sit around the fire and listen to the entertainment."

"Won't some one please tell a ghost story or two to pass the time?" asked Bob Everett, quizzically.

"Why, I know a corker," broke in Joe's deep voice. "It's about an Irish banshee, that always comes around wailing in a dozen different kinds of voice before there's to be a few sudden deaths in town. I might as well tell——"

"You're in for having your face washed in the snow, Prescott," broke in Mike McGuire. "The fellows don't want that yarn. Besides, I reserve the right to tell all the Irish ghost stories that are spun in this club."

"Tell it, please, Mike," teased Frank. "Throw in all the frills, too."

"I tell all my ghost stories in the bright sunshine of the day," retorted McGuire, with dignity.

"I don't believe you scarecrows like ghost stories," Joe mocked. "Now, I've got another—a regular dandy—about a spook that haunted people until it fairly drove them bug-house, and——"

Flop! Joe went down before the rush. Before he could recover his feet his face had been scrubbed with snow by half a dozen pairs of hands.

As if in answer, there came through the woods a burst of maniacal laughter.

Bad as the other sounds had been, this fearsome noise fairly brought out goose-flesh on most of the youngsters.

"Any one know what time it is?" called Hal.

"After ten o'clock," discovered some one else.

"Time for every one to get in bed, then," nodded Manley.

"Go to bed and lie there listening to such hair-raisers," Si Prentiss almost shivered.

"Where are the poor Trouble Trio?" demanded Jackets.

"Oh, they'll stay until the last gun's fired," Frank answered. "It's early to look for them back yet."

"We ought to sit up for them, just the same," contended Si.

He voiced the feelings of many, who, though they could be brave enough in the crowd, had little relish for turning in and trying to sleep under such circumstances.

Never once, while they waited, did they have more than five minutes' peace at a time.

Ghostly calls, shrieks, appeals for help, sobbings and unearthly moans, mingled with the savage cries of the catamount kept the nerves of all on edge.

"Up and at 'Em Boys!" came a wavering hail through the forest.

"Our friends, the spooks, are on a new tack to trot our feet off," smiled Frank.

"Manley!" came the next appeal, sounding far off.

"That was almost human," was Hal's spoken opinion.

"Frank Manley, are you there?" came the next appeal. All the youngsters listened, but they doubted.

And few of them cared for any more wild-goose chases through the forest that infernal night.



But Frank suddenly leaped to his feet, peering off into the shadows. "We've been fooled," he uttered, running off into the darkness. "Here we are, fellows! We thought it was a trick, and didn't answer."

He ran out to meet the running, panting, white-faced Trouble Trio.

Foster, Cranston and Lucas all appeared about used up.

But with Manley among them, and other fellows hurrying out to meet them, they slowed to a walk and went panting into camp.

There they sat down on benches near the firelight, still panting and looking inquiringly at the others.

"I don't want to go through such a night again," sputtered Dick Foster.

"But you didn't find anything out at the shanty?" Manley inquired.

"Nothing we could lay our hands on!" vented Foster.

"But, oh, Lord!" groaned Lucas.

"It began more than an hour ago," Foster explained, hurriedly. "I suppose you fellows will laugh at us, but we heard the most fearful sounds. It sounded worse than any row that mere spooks could kick up! We stood it until it got on our nerves so that we couldn't stay in that shanty another second. When we started back here we went at a run, I can tell you! But the horrible sounds followed us all the way. Just when we thought we were through with the infernal din, it started in all over again at some new point on the road. You can't imagine anything like it?"

"Can't we, though?" demanded Humphrey. "We've been having the same kind of a spook concert here all evening."

The Trouble Trio stared at their comrades in amazed disbelief.

But Frank quickly assured them that this had been the case.

"I'd rather fight a dozen fellows in the ring at one time than have to stand much of this thing," declared Humphrey, grimly.

"Well, fellows, I'm afraid we'll have to stand it until our persecutors get tired," Manley broke in.

"If I were dead sure that the noise came from really human throats——" began Si Prentiss.

"You don't believe in truly enough ghosts, do you?"

The query came from Joe in a burst of indignant scorn.

"Well," sighed Prentiss, "after a night of this kind, a fellow can't be plumb sure what he does believe."

"But I know what we've got to believe, now," Frank retorted, pulling out his watch. "It's long after eleven, and we've got to have some sleep. We'll divide the night into four watches, and place three fellows in each watch. That'll protect the camp from anything more fleshly than sure-enough spooks."

There was some demurring at the idea of turning in until the mystery had been solved.

"Oh, hang it, we've spent two hours at least trying to solve the thing," growled Manley, losing some of his patience. "We could lose the whole night that way, and be

no wiser. Humphrey, McGuire and Everett for the first guard squad."

He rapidly named the other squads; following this with the order:

"Now, every other fellow to bed as quick as he can. And don't let any fellow be foolish enough to go to sleep in his clothes."

With a vigorous commander like Frank Manley, there was little use in objecting.

Within five minutes there was general silence in the snow camp.

"It's one thing sending fellows to bed, and another to make them sleep," thought Hal, as he lay under his blankets, listening for more ghostly sounds. "I wonder how old Frank himself is sleeping?"

As if in answer, there came a slight snore just before Manley turned slightly.

"He could sleep in a battle, if he wanted to," sighed Hal, enviously. "I'll bet he isn't dreaming, either!"

But most of the fellows were still awake when, ten minutes later, there came noisy cries of "Murder!" and appeals for "Help, in heaven's name!"

It was all most of the fellows could do to lie in bed, the din out in the forest seemed so real and natural.

But those who felt tempted to get up were restrained by a fear of being "joshed" in the morning.

Frank opened his eyes, to hear Hal breathing hard.

"Doesn't that get on a fellow's nerves, though?" grated Hal.

"Not on mine. It's a part of a programme that we can't control."

A moment later Hal felt a thrill of amazement. Manley was clamy asleep again.

Hal, too, fell asleep at last, as did every other fellow in the camp when his eyes refused to stay open any longer.

Joe awoke fully, and the first time, at daylight.

"This is queer," he muttered, as he stared across the space between his cot and that of Jackets, who was still sound asleep. "We were to be called long before daylight. Hey, Jackets!"

Winston awoke.

"Get up and dress, little one," called Prescott. "The camp has overslept. There's something queer about this, especially with a guard posted through the night."

Jackets sleepily obeyed the summons.

"Larabee, Prentiss and Gaylord were the last guard of the night, and were supposed to arouse us at half-past five," muttered Joe, as he dressed hurriedly. "What can have happened to them? Hey, there, you other fellows!"

The warning was passed from hut to hut in the stillness of the early morning.

There was some rapid dressing, due, no doubt, to the fact that some of the fellows had disregarded orders and slept in their clothing.

By the time that Joe dashed out of his snow-house there were seven or eight of the other fellows abroad.

"Frank and Hal haven't answered!" he cried. "There's something fishy about this!"



Promptly Joe lifted the blanket and dove into the captain's snow-house.

"The dev —!" Joe began.

But that was as far as he got, for he dove promptly out again, white-faced as they had never seen him before.

"You said something about the devil, didn't you?" queried Jackets, curiously.

"Did I?" grated Joe. "Well, he's in there!"

"What?"

"Has Joe gone clean bug-house?"

Jackets headed the rush that was made for the inside of Frank and Hal's hut.

Those who got inside saw something that made them, too, gasp with amazement.

There, propped up in one of the chairs, sat a stuffed figure that was surmounted by a wax portrayal of Satan's head—horns, leering smile and all!

It was only a poor wax imitation, of course, and did not of itself frighten any one.

"But what do you make of the fact that Frank and Hal are not there?" cried Joe.

"Gone away early on some business," hinted some one.

"Gone away without leaving word with some one?" vented Joe, indignantly. "And where's that confounded last guard? Look them up, some one—Prentiss, Larabee and Gaylord."

The three youngsters named were quickly found in their huts, fully dressed and sound asleep.

They were aroused with great difficulty and fairly hauled out into the open.

"Nice guards you are!" quivered Joe, indignantly. "What happened to you?"

Si Prentiss appeared to come to his senses sooner than the others did.

"Why, the last I remember," he said, slowly, as if his thoughts were greatly confused, "we were standing around the campfire. We heard a slight noise and turned. We found a queer, ragged, dirty old man looking at us. That's all I remember until you fellows yanked us out of bed just now."

"Describe that old man!" Joe boiled.

Si did so.

"The witch doctor!" Joe quivered. "That's who it was!"

"But what did you fellows go to bed for?" demanded Bob Everett. "Why didn't you grab the old witch doctor?"

"I don't remember," Si confessed, in an embarrassed way.

But Joe was quick to jump at the truth.

"They were hypnotized!" he cried. "I have seen that slimy, snake-like old monster, and I'm ready to swear that he was easily able to hypnotize these three fellows. Why, they're stupid from the effects of it, even now. And then Frank and Hal——"

"What about them?" came the eager, startled chorus.

"That's just what we've got to find out!" choked Joe. "And it's going to be a mighty tough problem, too, I'm afraid."

"Do you think they were spirited away?" demanded Lon Humphrey.

Joe eyed him in fine scorn.

"No!" he growled. "Frank and Hal got up and walked away, of course. Now, then, fellows, those of you who are not fully dressed for long tramping hurry up and get all your togs on. Fly! There's infernally serious business ahead of us!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE "GRAFT" OF DEATH!

It was still dark when Manley opened his eyes.

He would have thought nothing of that, had it not been for an uncomfortable feeling around his wrists.

That sensation brought him more fully awake.

"Tied hand and foot!" he quivered. "What can this mean?"

He was lying on a wooden floor, too, and it was cold.

Over him rested a sheet of sail cloth.

As Frank tried to turn, he found that the lashings at his wrists had been secured to a metal ring in the floor boards.

He was almost deathly sick at his stomach.

His head ached—he who barely knew the meaning of headache!

Surely here was enough of a tangle to unravel!

"Is there any one else here?" he shouted, as soon as he had recovered his senses enough to think what to do.

There was no answer.

He called again and again, until he heard a faint stirring near him.

"Who's there?" called Manley, quickly.

"Well?" came a drowsy voice—Hal's.

"Well?" repeated Manley, rousingly. "Anything but well, I promise you! Hal Spofford, wake up!"

"What's wrong?" demanded the same drowsy voice.

"Wake up and find out."

"That you, Frank?"

"Yes: how do you find yourself?"

"It isn't time to get up, is it?"

"Yes!" roared the young athlete. "Time to get up. You're ten minutes late! Don't lose another second! Get up! Fly!"

He hoped, by this means, to rouse his chum more quickly to his senses.

"I'm tied down," muttered Hal, still drowsing. "Quit your fooling."

"Quit yours, too, old fellow. You're in the dickens of a scrape."

"Untie me."

"I will if you'll untie me, too. Don't you understand, Hal? You are a prisoner, like myself, and in some strange, dark place?"

Slowly the idea dawned fully upon Hal Spofford.

"What on earth can it mean?" he gasped.

"The witch doctor, beyond a doubt," Frank retorted.

"But the guard? How could he do it?"

"Oh, he has outwitted the guard in some manner. Trust



him for that! But what we've got to figure now, Hal, is how to get out of this fix."

But the more they talked, the more puzzled they were. Their first thought, in connection with the witch doctor, was that Joe must be there, too—somewhere in the darkness.

But, as all their calling resulted in no sign from Joe, they slowly came to the conclusion that Prescott had escaped this grewsome experience.

As they talked, light began to come in through a small window high up.

"Why, I guess we know where we are," muttered Frank. "Where?"

"Why, you know this boat-house well enough. It's up the river, about two miles from the camp."

Hal rather thought he did recognize the place.

"It's a safe place," he gritted. "No one lives within half a mile of here in the winter-time."

They had already given up trying to free themselves. It was simply impossible. Hal, like his leader, had been made fast to a ring in the floor.

They now lay several feet apart, unable to reach each other.

"How in the dickens did that witch doctor and his imps manage to get us out of the camp, past the guards?" wondered Hal, for the dozenth time.

"As we can't guess that, I'm trying to figure out what's going to happen to us here?" muttered Manley.

"Find that guess any easier than the other?"

"I'm forced to admit that I don't."

Time dragged slowly. They had no idea just how much of the daylight had passed by when a door opened and closed.

Gliding in, bent almost double, his beady eyes glistening mockingly, the witch doctor stood over them.

"Well, young gentlemen?" he hailed, mockingly, as he stood rubbing his hands in an awing, pawing sort of manner that made him seem doubly loathsome.

"So this is your newest trick?" demanded Manley, grimly.

"Perhaps you young gentlemen still doubt the old man's power over enemies?" came the cackling question.

"You're a wonder—sure!" Frank admitted, grudgingly.

"Are you quite comfortable?" came the cackling, mocking query.

"How long are you going to keep us here?" grated Manley.

"As long as I please!"

"What's the game?" raged Hal.

"The game?" cackled the witch doctor. "Oh, yes, you want to know what I mean to do—how I intend to use my power?"

"Well, talk in your kind of slang, if that's any easier," sneered Manley. "What do the stars foretell for us?"

"Young man," asked the witch doctor, "you never talked with His Satanic Majesty?"

"I never did," Frank admitted.

"Well, I do, every day."

Frank looked coldly into the beady, fascinating eyes above him, and made a remarkable discovery.

The witch doctor believed what he was saying about himself!

"Two weeks ago," went on the old man, in a high, shrill voice, "his majesty, the devil, told me that I would encounter two enemies. He described you rather well to me. He told me what I would have to expect from you. Now, what do you suppose Satan told me about you?"

"What?" asked Frank, studying the old man's eyes.

"Satan told me that if I did not destroy you, you would as surely destroy me!"

"And you believed your master?" Frank queried.

"Shouldn't every one believe his master?" came the shrill query. "Should I not obey the master from whom I receive every one of my powers?"

It was more of a puzzle than Manley could solve. "Doctor" Hogmur spoke like one who had been a man of education, yet he professed, with seeming sincerity, to believe that he received extraordinary powers from the devil.

But Hal took a rougher view of the situation.

"What do you expect to frighten out of us, Hogmur?" cried Spofford. "Is it money or safety? What's the form of graft?"

"The graft?" cackled the old man, mockingly. "I shall obey the order of his majesty, the devil! I shall destroy you at once and save myself! The graft! It is to be the graft of death, and the time is now!"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MAN HUNT FOR KEEPS.

"Fools, fools!"

That was what "Doctor" Hogmur muttered as he slipped out of sight of the boys for a moment.

Hal glanced at his chum in fearful anxiety.

"Does he mean to carry out his threats, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Then good-by, old fellow!"

"Good-by, Hal. And good-by to that bright college career!"

"Make a last throw," whispered Hal. "Yell like blazes!"

And yell they did, though without a particle of hope that their appeal would result in anything.

"Make a noise—that's quite right!" cackled the hideous old man from the adjoining room of the boat-house.

"Help! help!"

Louder and more desperately than before rang the appeals of the young prisoners.

Then, suddenly, there came a crashing blow on the door. This was followed by a shout of:

"That you, Frank?"

It was the voice of Jackets Winston.

"Glory! Here!"

"Break in the door, fellows!" sounded Winston's strong young voice. "And don't let any one get away, either."

Loud blows rained on the door.



"Surround the place!" yelled Frank. "The old witch doctor is in here."

"We'll make a witch doctor of him!" came Jackets's menacing voice.

"How do you feel now, 'Doc' Hogmur?" taunted Hal.

The old man did not answer.

He still kept out of sight, plainly in fear of the punishment that he more than merited.

But how long it took to break down that door!

True, it was a sturdy one, but Manley wondered that it should take his strong Up and At 'Em Boys so long to reduce the barrier.

Blows still fell, fast and sturdy, but the door withstood the assault.

The only two windows in the boat-house were little "peek-holes" too high up for the Woodstock youngsters to climb through.

Manley lay and puzzled as the assault on the door continued, minute after minute, without the door falling in.

"Jackets!" he called at last.

"Yes?" and the blows stopped.

"Get the fellows to see if they can't get in at the boat-way on the other side. The boat-way should let into the next room.

There was silence, and a brief pause.

Then came the sound of scrambling in the next room, and Jackets burst into where the two young captives lay.

"I guess the witch doctor got out the same way I got in," uttered Winston, disgustedly.

"But where are the other fellows?" Frank demanded.

"There aren't any others."

"Were you running a bluff for a whole crowd?"

"Just about that," Winston admitted, calmly, as he bent over to sever the cords that held Manley.

"It was a wonderfully good bluff," uttered Frank, leaping to his feet.

"Was it?" asked Winston, as he bent over to liberate Hal.

But Frank had run out under the boat-way in the next room.

Outside, he came upon the footprints made by "Doc" Hogmur in escaping.

These led to the river road.

There the snow was so well trodden by the passage of horses and sleighs that the trail was lost.

"And so is the old reprobate, I guess," muttered Frank, just as Hal and Jackets joined him.

"It's no use to chase that fellow, if he's out of sight," uttered Hal, disgustedly. "Fellows, I believe old Hogmur possesses the wonderful power of vanishing into thin smoke."

"It looks much like it," Frank assented, smiling grimly. "Well, Jackets, we can at least thank you for your timeliness in butting in. How did you come to be here alone?"

"Joe has the whole club out on the hunt. There are so many trails to follow around Woodstock that he could spare but one fellow in each direction."

"You heard us yelling?"

"Yes; but I would have investigated this place, anyway."

"Hadn't we better give Hogmur up as too elusive?" Hal wanted to know.

"Not for an instant," Frank retorted. "If we don't look for him he'll look for us. That scoundrelly witch doctor seems bent on destroying us, and our only safety will be in finding him first."

"Then you think he believed all he said about his warning from the devil?"

"He believes absolutely every word of it," Manley retorted. "Call him crazy, or what you will, but that old witch doctor believes that his whole future depends on destroying us, and he'll do it if he has half a chance."

"Then where are you going to look for him?"

"That we can't decide out of hand. It won't do any good to go running around haphazard. We'll get as many of the fellows as we can, and hold a regular council. Nothing but the most intelligent effort on our part will ever run that white-haired old danger down."

"Here's some mighty good help coming," signalled Jackets.

The two older boys turned quickly.

"Tod Owen!" they cried, together.

Tod was captain of the Bradfords, the rival athletic club.

He had once been Manley's worst enemy—now one of his best friends.

"Hurry up, Tod!" shouted Frank.

Tod now caught sight of them for the first time.

He was headed for Woodstock at a jogging run.

"Just the fellows I wanted to see," greeted Tod, as he ran up at increased speed.

"Then we've met you half way. But what's up?"

"What have you Woodstock fellows got on for next week?"

"Why?"

"I want to know what you have to say to another iceboat race if the snow gets off the ice by that time."

Frank looked uneasily at his chum.

"Better tell him," urged Hal. "He and Jackets can keep secrets as well as the next ones."

"Tod, the club will be here next week, but Hal and I won't," Manley answered. "Neither will Joe."

"Vacation trip?" ventured Tod.

"We're leaving Woodstock for good."

"Leaving Woodstock?"

The query came, in the utmost amazement, from Jackets and Tod together.

"What on earth can you mean?" demanded the Bradford athlete.

"Well, we've found that we can enter the Yale freshmen class at once, so——"

"So you're going and save a year of your college time?" gasped Tod.

"Yes. The news hits you a little bit silly, doesn't it?"

"Silly isn't a strong enough word," Tod confessed. "The news throws me off my balance."

"Well, we're going, but it isn't generally known yet, so you'll please help us keep our secret."



"Oh, I'll keep it all right!" agreed Tod, whose face had become very sober. "But I'm thinking about myself. Manley, what on earth shall I do without you fellows? Why, you and Hal and Joe have been a mighty big part of my life for months."

"Get into the same life with them, Tod," ventured Winston, who, besides remaining silent up to this, was also very white-faced.

"I enter Yale, too?" gasped Tod.

"I believe you could, if we can," Frank encouraged him.

"Jupiter! If I could! And to be with you fellows at Yale—into everything in the life at that great college. Say!"

"Would you like it, Tod?" smiled Frank.

"Don't make fun of me. Of course I'd like it. It'd be the greatest thing in life for me."

"How would your father stand for it?" queried Hal.

"Who? Dad? He'd throw up his hat and cheer if I got into Yale and got through. He's wanted me to do that always. And, besides, Frank, wherever you are, dad thinks is the best place for me to be—always."

"Then you'll try it?"

"Try it? I'm going over next week to try the examinations—that is a sure thing! Dad won't stand in the way for a second."

"Good!" cheered Manley, holding out his hand, which Tod grasped and wrung.

"But what becomes of me?" demanded Jackets.

The little athlete looked very much as if he wanted to cry.

He looked more solemn, more desolate than they had ever seen the light-hearted little athlete look before.

"Why, you can go, too, if you want, and can persuade your aunts," laughed Frank.

"Don't make fun of me," begged Winston, miserably. "The aunts might be easy enough to manage, but you know very well that I'm about three years behind the Yale entrance requirements."

"You can't go into college just yet, of course," Frank agreed. "But if your heart is set on New Haven, what's the matter with any one of the numerous college preparatory schools over there?"

"I never thought of that!" gasped little Winston, his face suddenly becoming radiant. "Why, of course I could do that. And I've got some money of my own, too, you know—about twelve hundred dollars in my own right, if my aunts would let me spend it toward going away to school. Oh, I must hurry home!"

"If you talk to your aunts," broke in Frank, "be mighty sure they understand that they mustn't say anything about it for the present."

"I'm off on the run," Jackets announced, almost breathlessly. "Where can I find you?"

"At camp, probably."

Jackets was a fast sprinter. He proved it now, despite the fact that he was coursing over a slow, snow track.

"He's plumb forgot our real trouble with the witch doctor," laughed Frank.

"Oh, you can't blame him," laughed Hal. "We went

clean off the handle ourselves when the Yale bee first buzzed by our ears."

"But say!" Tod broke in. "I can't get over the thing myself. But do you think we have any real show to get into Yale?"

"It's only a matter of being able to stand up to the examination. Dr. Holbrook assures us that we can do it."

"Then I think I can," Tod nodded, hopefully. "But I'm mighty glad, now, that I've braced up in my studies this last year. I'm out of school to-day because I'm so well ahead of my class that I can spare the time."

"Same here," agreed Frank. "Besides, we've got a most puzzling matter on our hands."

"Oh, bother the witch doctor!" grunted Hal. "Let's try to send him word that we'll leave him alone if he'll return the compliment."

"And break our word to Chief Griscomb?" Frank demanded, rather sternly. "And make a fumble of the last thing we attempt to do in good old Woodstock?"

"What about the witch doctor?" Tod demanded, pricking up his ears curiously.

"Got time to walk back to camp with us?"

"Got the whole day."

"Then come along, and we'll tell you about one of the toughest old problems we've ever had to handle."

Tod was soon in full possession of the facts.

"Jupiter!" he cried. "I'd like to get in this with you, and have something exciting to wind up my last week at home."

"We'll be glad to have you with us," Frank returned. "But it may be more tragic than interesting before we're through with this slimy old chap."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE THREAT OF CUNNING.

"It's two to one we don't find that elusive old fellow unless he's willing to be seen."

That was Joe's dictum after the consultation had been held at camp.

"We won't find him at his former shack—that's certain," grunted Hal.

"Nor anywhere else that we look for him," commented Frank.

"Then what can we do?" Joe wanted to know.

"Well, in the first place," Manley went on, "it's up to Chief Griscomb to have that shanty watched if he wants to try to catch Hogmur out there. We won't waste any more time in that direction."

"And next?"

"Well, as we can't find the old snake by looking for him, the next best thing would seem to be to wait for him to move against us. The next time he prowls near this camp we'll have things so well fixed that he can walk into the trap, but can't walk out again without our help."

"That's about the only way you'll get a chap who seems able to vanish into thin smoke," Tod nodded.



"Then, hereafter," announced Frank, "this camp will be a trap that is continually set. If 'Doc' Hogmur shows up here he'll find everything prepared to keep him here."

"And if he doesn't show up?" Joe wanted to know.

"He will, unless he has left this part of the country. If he has skipped—why, that's about all we set out to help Chief Griscomb to do. Our task is over when old Hogmur skips out of the county."

"I hope he's travelling fast for the county line now," muttered Hal.

"Can I stay here for a day and night or two?" Tod asked. "I want to keep close to you while this Yale idea is on."

"You can build a snow hut for yourself, and we'll help you," was Manley's hospitable answer. "My mother will be glad to have you come along and eat with me. And you can get a cot and bedding from the gym. That about fits you out."

There were other members of the club close at hand. A dozen or so in all had remained out of school.

Within fifteen minutes a big enough pile of snow had gone up.

Then Gaylord and Foster began to scoop out the interior, while Tod jogged on into Woodstock with the three leaders of the club.

The first one they met just outside of town was Jackets.

He was hurrying back to camp for all he was worth.

"It's all right," he cried, gleefully. "You fellows aren't the only ones who can go to New Haven. I start whenever you do, and go into one of the prep schools. It's all fixed!"

Jackets talked so fast that he was all out of breath.

"If you can get your father over the telephone, you can soon fix up things, Tod, or, at least, know where you stand," Frank suggested.

"Oh, I know where I stand, all right, at the present moment," Tod retorted. "Dad would be glad to let me follow you to the North Pole. But I'll slip in to the telephone and tell Dad what's up."

Chief Griscomb decided that it would be worth while to send a policeman out to wait at the shanty in the woods.

He also approved of the plan of the boys for converting the camp into a trap by night.

"If he keeps up his bug," commented Griscomb, "that old fellow will be around the camp again. Better luck to you next time. And leave fellows on guard who can't be hypnotized easily."

"I have a friend who won't fall under the evil eye by day or night," laughed Frank.

"Good! Who is he?"

"My bulldog, Towser. I shall keep him in my hut after this."

"Wow!" sputtered Hal. "If Towser gets a hold of 'Doc' Hogmur, I hope he'll take a good hold on the flesh."

"Why, that might poison the dog!" Frank protested, at which all laughed.

"And now what?" asked Tod, as they joined him on the street.

"We'd better go to the gym and get your housekeeping articles," Frank answered. "Then you can wait there, Tod, while we three go home. You've breakfasted to-day, but you must remember that we haven't."

They let Tod in at the gym, then hurried to their homes.

While Mrs. Manley busied herself with her son's breakfast, Frank hastened to the telephone.

He soon had Kitty on the wire.

"How is the battle going?" he asked.

"That's the right word," Kitty answered, rather dolefully.

"Your father doesn't care about going to New Haven?"

"No. I found so many reasons against the plan when he first brought the matter up that—that——"

"That he saw the force of your arguments and gave up the idea for good and all?"

"That's about it, as the situation stands now," Kitty reported, not very cheerfully.

"Then we're beaten?" asked Manley, his heart feeling suddenly as if it were made of lead.

"Beaten?" echoed Kitty, defiantly. "Who said so?"

"Why, I thought you——"

"I didn't say anything of the sort, Mr. Jump-at-conclusions!"

"But the fight seems to be going against us?"

"I didn't say that, either!"

"Then, my dear girl," begged Frank, patiently, "will you be good enough to say just what you do mean?"

"What I tried to say to you, goose, is that the first skirmish seemed to go against me. But the engagement is still on. I am employing all my forces with the utmost strategy, and still expect to win the battle."

"Then——"

"After the next few days," Kitty broke in, "my address will be New Haven, Conn."

"In spite of your father?"

"Oh, dear, no! I never disobey my dear old dad. But I still plan to make him long for New Haven."

"I can't tell you how much I hope you'll win, Kit!"

"You don't need to tell me, you stupid boy. Don't I know? But it looks as if you had lost confidence in my knack for winning."

"Well, your first report dealt only with a statement of what had happened so far."

"Oh, I see!"

"The near future is much brighter than the immediate past."

"Oh!"

"And I am moving soon to New Haven. Don't forget that, Frank."

"I won't forget again, then. You've cheered me up wonderfully, Kit."

"That's one of my uses in the world, I believe," laughed Miss Dunstan. "You do get discouraged at the merest trifle."

"Only when you're concerned, Kit."

"Well, call me up again, then, when you get down-hearted."



"Is your father at home now?"

"Oh, dear, no; I got him to go out on foot so that he'd have plenty of time to think while he's away. But he'll be in at luncheon. I'm superintending that meal. We're going to have lobster in the Newburgh way."

"That's a villainous dish for the stomach, Kit."

"You don't know anything about it. It's dad's favorite dish. It puts him in a better humor than ever."

"Oh!" Frank began to comprehend.

"Dad's been a little out of sorts since last night," she went on. "He has mislaid his box of favorite reina victoria cigars. He can't get any like it in this neighborhood, and has telegraphed to New York for some more. They won't be here before to-morrow, and he won't think the sun is shining until he can get one of his pet cigars between his teeth."

"That sounds against us for to-day, Kit."

"Oh, I don't know!" came the low, demure answer. "I may find those cigars by the time luncheon is over."

Frank gave a gasp.

"Kit, you hid your father's best cigars?"

"What about it?"

"You wicked girl!"

"Oh, I don't know!" came the gently arguing voice. "When a man gets his pet dish for luncheon, and then his darling daughter has the good fortune to find his pet cigars, and she is dressed at her best, and is very coaxing and attentive—what do you make of the combination?"

"I think I'd better ring off!" choked Frank.

"Good-by, dear, and keep up your heart, won't you?"

"Sure! I'd be foolish not to, with a girl like you managing the campaign!"

Frank went into his breakfast in the utmost good humor.

He could not keep from telling his mother what Kit had told him.

Mrs. Manley laughed heartily.

Then suddenly she looked at her son, quizzically.

"Frank, my boy," observed Mrs. Manley, "I can't help thinking that Catherine Dunstan's husband will be a very ably managed man."

Frank looked up swiftly, then went on with his breakfast in silence.

He was so full of his Yale plans, and so contented with the news from his sweetheart that, for a while, he utterly forgot the menace that lay in the witch doctor's presence around Woodstock.

But the Hogmur bogey came back into his mind by the time that he set out for the gym.

There was abundant talk of Yale as the four youngsters, bearing Tod's burdens between them, set out on the way back to camp.

Tod's house of snow was set to rights, not even the board flooring having been forgotten.

"Why, I'm mighty sorry I didn't think of this scheme for my fellows," muttered Owen, regretfully.

"You can leave the idea behind you as a legacy," smiled Joe. "They can try it next week while you're boning through your exams at New Haven."

"The Bradford club wouldn't take up a scheme a whole week behind the Woodstoeks," Tod retorted.

"The Trouble Trio is missing again," Hal reported, presently.

"That's so," Manley replied. "I had forgotten them."

"Did you know they had left camp?"

"Yes; Foster told me they wanted to try to trail 'Doc' Hogmur from the boat-house. I told them they could go ahead, but that they were probably wasting their time."

"Have you planned," asked Joe, "how to set the trap for to-night?"

"Yes," Manley replied, slowly. "We'll have six fellows, instead of three, to each guard squad."

"You think six are less likely than three to get themselves hypnotized?" laughed Tod.

"The guard, to-night, won't be out of doors," Manley replied. "We will build three new huts to-day at the points that I have selected for to-night's guard. The guard will stand two and two, inside of the three huts."

"Then how will they see any one approaching?" Tod asked.

"They won't see—and a prowler can't see them, either."

"Then how——"

"What——"

"The guard will be simple and effective all night long," Frank went on. "I'll bring my pup, Towser, up to camp to-night. I'll tell him to watch, and he won't close his eyes—or his ears—all night long. If a prowler comes around, Towser will hear him like a flash, and he'll go out after that prowler on the jump, growling as he goes. Then the guard squad will pile out after the dog. When Towser chases anything he growls all the time until he gets it. The guard will have no trouble in knowing where the dog is in the dark."

"Simple scheme," commented Hal.

"Sounds mighty good," nodded Tod.

"If anything prowls around here to-night," retorted Frank, "and gets away, then it will be the plumb, clean fault of the Up and At 'Em Boys."

Luncheon-time came, but no Trouble Trio.

"Foster must think he has struck something," muttered Frank, when the middle of the afternoon arrived, but still the Trouble Trio were away.

They had not returned, either, by the time that the majority of the club members came along from school.

Until dark a snowball fight raged between two factions of the youngsters in camp.

The Trouble Trio were still to be heard from, and Frank was becoming anxious.

"If Foster and his fellows are not in by the time we're back from supper," proposed Manley, "it will be up to the club to put in the night looking for them."

"Pshaw!" muttered Bob Everett. "Foster has a pretty long head in trouble. He never got his fellows into any real fix before. But he's a sticker, Dick Foster is. You'll find, by and by, that he has been running the legs off the Trio on some fancied clew that he imagines he has discovered."



But the fellows came back from supper—and still no Trouble Trio.

"This is getting too serious," muttered Frank. "We'll leave a small camp guard, and organize half a dozen parties to go out and look for those venturesome youngsters."

Gr-r-r-r! sounded Towser.

In the present state of tension, that was enough to put the nerves of the young campers to the test.

"Sic 'em, Towser!" growled Frank.

Away bolted the dog, and after him pelted the boys.

"Call off your dog, mister!" came a laughing hail out of the darkness.

"Why, that's Dick Foster!" cried Frank, in huge relief.

"Ahoy, there, Dick!"

"Ahoy, yourself!"

"You fellows all safe?"

"Yes."

"Then hurry in and give an account of yourselves."

"That fire looks good," called Dick, through the night.

"We're all but frozen to death!"

The temperature had been going down all afternoon.

Now, that dark had come on the cold was increasing rapidly.

It bade fair to be the coldest night of the season.

Foster and his two chums came into the fire looking blue and miserable indeed.

For two or three minutes, while the newcomers snuggled as close as they dared to the cheery warmth of the fire, the other fellows forebore to ask questions.

But at last Frank observed:

"I suppose if you fellows had really found out anything you would have sprung it before now."

Dick Foster looked suddenly and wonderfully "cheap."

"Say!"

But there he stopped, as if fishing for words.

"I hope you fellows won't guy us too much," he went on.

"What happened?" Frank queried.

"Well, we followed all sorts of trails that we thought we had struck. About three o'clock this afternoon we found this tacked to a tree-trunk right ahead of us."

Drawing off a mitten, Foster thrust his hand into a pocket, bringing out a paper that he handed to Frank.

What was written thereon was in a scrawl that it took our hero some time to decipher.

But this was what he finally read:

"You foolish boys are tramping your feet off to no purpose. Go back to your leader, who is as foolish as yourselves, and tell him that the final act in the drama is being prepared for him. Tell him what he must already know, that he cannot much longer hope to escape from the Old Man."

Frank read this aloud, amid wondering exclamations.

"But you haven't heard the worst part of it," Dick went on, sheepishly. "I'll have to tell you, though. Fellows, that notice was tacked to a tree that we had passed less than five minutes before. The first time we went by that tree the notice wasn't there. The second time it stared us in the face."

"You were close to the witch doctor, then?" cried several.

"He was close to us. I guess that would be the more truthful way of putting it," sighed Dick.

"What did you do, then?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"We were so jolted that we didn't do anything much for a minute or two," confessed Foster. "Then we made a jump to get on the trail of that slippery old wretch."

"There must have been a trail in the snow," urged Manley.

"There was—plenty of it. The trail we had made ourselves. The witch doctor must have stepped carefully in that same trail until he got back to the beaten road again. There, of course, we couldn't follow his trail any further, though we tried to. Say, it made us hopping mad to be jollied like that by the slick old article we were trying to run down."

"It must have given you a shock," Frank smiled, grimly.

"Did it?" burst from Dick. "Well, say! For all we know, old 'Doc' Hogmur was walking around close to us all day and laughing at us in his horrible old way."

"And may be close enough to be listening to us now," suggested Bob Everett, at which the fellows started.

"No, he isn't near now," said Frank, quietly. "or Towser would give us the word. Wouldn't you, old fellow?"

Towser, whining eagerly, looked up in his master's face.

"That wise pup knows that he's here to catch some one to-night," spoke Frank, in a low voice to those around.

"And if Towser don't catch him," muttered Hal, inwardly, "it may be just as well for Frank and myself to get out of Woodstock ahead of time—if the old witch doctor lets us get away!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MAN-TRAP SET.

By ten o'clock that night it was eighteen degrees below zero out at the snow camp.

Since eight o'clock it had been necessary to keep two roaring camp-fires going.

Through the evening there were none of the ventriloquial noises that had jarred the nerves of the young athletes the night before.

Indeed, the only sounds were those made by the Up and At 'Em Boys themselves.

"We'll turn in now. There's no use in staying up longer," Manley decided. "We'll set the man-trap, and trust to its working this time."

The guard-houses had been erected at three different points in the camp.

In each were now stationed two of the fellows, who, fully dressed, were to keep awake and on the alert as long as their tour of guard duty lasted.

Frank and Hal, fully dressed for emergencies, lay down in their own hut.

Manley had brought with him, from home, a tiny clock and a little night lamp that now burned with dim flame.

Towser, fully alive to what was required of him, lay



snuggled in a heap of blankets on the floor, but far from likely to drop off asleep.

Though himself asleep within five minutes, Frank awakened before midnight.

He looked at the clock, listened a while, and then dropped off in slumber once more.

At a little after one o'clock in the morning he awoke again.

All was still, but a whispered word showed that Towser was fully awake to his task.

Then, again, Manley dozed, but this time more heavily.

Suddenly he was vaguely aware of a low but angry growling.

Then, from beyond the snow-house came a sharper barking.

Manley leaped to his feet in a second.

Hal, too, awoke.

"What is it?" asked Spofford.

"The trap has sprung, I guess!"

Both boys rushed from the hut.

From one of the guard huts came a hurrying figure with a lantern.

Off in the darkness Towser had stopped.

The dog was barking, but in a key that surprised even his master.

"The dog has got something!" cheered Manley.

Then they came upon Towser, standing with his head thrown well back, and now the bark was changing to a dismal howl.

Just beyond the animal a dark figure rested in the snow.

"Why, it's the witch doctor, dying of exposure!" thrilled Frank, as the boys rushed out of their huts.

He knelt in the snow, lifting the head of the prostrate old man.

"I've brought ruin upon ye!" gasped the evil one, wicked to the last.

Even though the malicious old man lay there helpless before them, many of the youngsters shuddered at the triumph in the weak old voice.

"He hardly knows what he's saying," commented Frank, gently. "His mind is beginning to wander. He had some plan in his brain, but he froze while prowling on such a fearful night. Now, with his brain reeling, he remembers only something about his plan, and imagines that he has carried it out."

Then Manley roused himself with sudden energy.

"Wicked though this old man is, he's still a human being. He'll die if we don't get prompt attention for him. We can't treat him worse than we would a dog."

"Start a fire and take him to it," suggested Lucas.

"No, no! He must have a doctor's attention—and quickly, too. Get some blankets, some of you fellows."

Many blankets were soon at hand.

Frank saw to the careful wrapping-up of the wasted old form.

"Hal, Joe, Tod!" called Manley, sharply. "We must carry him on our shoulders and start on a lively run for town."

The witch doctor had become too unconscious even to mutter in his delirium as the four strapping young athletes lifted him to their shoulders and started for town at a fast trot.

They took him direct to the police station. Two doctors were summoned in haste.

The young athletes went back to camp.

In the morning they learned that the old witch doctor had died just before daylight.

He had not recovered consciousness. He had been beyond even talking in delirium.

Hence the mystery that lay in his unexplainable actions during the last few days, and even the names of the dupes who had helped him in his wicked work, remained as much a secret as ever—a secret that is now secure in the grave.

But Woodstock had been freed of the dangerous, evil-minded old quack who might have worked great harm by his power over the more ignorant part of the population.

Thus the incident, stirring as it was while it lasted, closed.

But Frank, after breakfast that same morning, had better things to think of.

For the telephone bell rang, summoning him to a chat with Kitty Dunstan.

"A little news this morning, dear," came the sweet voice.

"Good?" Manley gulped, quickly.

"Perhaps."

"Stop teasing me, Kit, and out with it!"

"My father left on the 7.44 train this morning."

"Where for?"

"New Haven."

"What!"

"That's the truth, dear."

"Then——"

"You may be sure that papa's dinner was of the best last night. And after that——"

"Well? Hurry, please!"

"After dinner," continued Kitty, "there was a long and pleasant, though rather serious, evening."

"Yes?"

"Frank, don't you think papa is too young a man to be out of business altogether?"

"Of course!"

"I'm glad you agree with me," went on Kitty, very sweetly. "It's nice to feel that one's opinions were right. I told papa that of course we don't need the money, but that I was afraid he was growing rusty altogether too early in life, and that he needed a fair amount of business life to keep him in the best trim."

"Yes?"

"That was the gist of the whole talk, though it took longer to say last night than it's taking now. But papa finally began to see it the same way I did. That was a good dinner, anyway," Kitty wound up, roguishly.

"So your father has gone to New Haven?"

"Yes; he has gone down there prepared to buy into that arms company. And I'm to follow as soon as I can get ready."



"Why, Kit, why can't we journey down on the same old train?" asked the overjoyed Manley.

"And have poor old dad meet you, too, at the train? Wouldn't that be rather like rubbing it into a dear old chap?" asked Miss Dunstan, in a shocked voice.

"Well, I might get off at New Haven from a different car and on the other side of the train," urged Frank.

"Oh, I think I understand."

"Is it a go?"

"I've been managing things so hard," came back Kitty's plaintive answer, "that I'd rather you take a hand at managing for a little while, my dear."

"Then you leave the rest of the managing to me, Kit."

"It'll be a relief!"

"Then we travel to New Haven by the same train."

There was more of that talk, but all has been set down that matters.

But there was ahead of Frank another very serious talk—to the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Our hero chose the next afternoon, after school.

He summoned the club to the gymnasium.

Then, in a few, brief words, he made the announcement. It fell like a thunderbolt on the club.

For the first few moments after Manley ceased speaking the fellows stood in dazed dumbness.

Then there was a stir, and the murmurs went up.

The grief of all was so genuine that Manley sought to turn it by brisk action.

"Fellows," Manley announced, "I'd like, before we go, to have you choose the new officers."

"Why?" spoke Humphrey.

"So that we won't feel so much like sneaks in quitting you on such short notice," said Frank, smiling almost painfully. "Fellows, I hope you don't blame us for going so soon. But it's a chance to save a year at college—a chance to add a year to our working lives."

"No one blames you, Manley, or could blame you!" spoke Bob Everett, deep-throatedly. "We're struck a little dumb for ourselves, but we're all heartily glad for you and Hal and Joe!"

"Three cheers for the captain and lieutenants!" yelled Humphrey. "And God-speed to them, and the best of luck all through life!"

The rafters of the gym rang with cheers.

There was much in their hearts that many of these boys would liked to have said.

But just now there was too much "choke" in their throats for many or fine-sounding words.

Once again Manley put his request for the immediate election of new officers to take the place of the old ones.

Paper was torn up into ballot strips. Pencils came briskly into use as soon as a few nominations had been made.

Frank, Hal and Joe rendered their last official service to the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club by acting as tellers of the vote.

Bob Everett was chosen president and captain, almost by unanimous vote.

Lon Humphrey was chosen first lieutenant and treasurer, and Mike McGuire, second lieutenant.

"Fellow-members—for we are that for at least a little while longer," said Frank, after announcing the vote, "I congratulate you on having what you may not have had before—the best material in the club to lead you. The star of hope shines brightly now over the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club. Long may it flourish and lead young men in the ways of strength and purpose in life!"

"It'll never be quite the same old club," declared Bob Everett, mournfully.

"No—a better one!" cheered Manley. "New officers and a few new members. Fellows, we shall ask the favor of at least regular reports of what this dear old club is doing."

"You shall have those reports," declared Bob Everett, looking up quickly, "on one condition."

"We shall be so anxious to hear from the club," smiled Frank, "that we'll agree to almost any conditions. What are the terms?"

"That we hear regularly from our old leaders as to what they're doing at Yale."

"You shall hear, if there's anything to tell," Frank promised, earnestly.

"There'll be some new stars rising at Yale!" cheered Humphrey.

"Now, fellows, can't you think of a departing word to give the fellow who made this club?" asked Bob Everett, looking around him.

The Up and At 'Em Boys looked keenly at their new leader.

"Remember where the Great Three are going," hinted Bob.

Then back came the answer—the battle-cry of good old Eli:

"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Yale!"

THE END.

Now comes the most brilliant part in the career of the young athlete who is fortunate enough to be able to attend one of the great universities. It is in our American universities to-day that true, clean-cut, conquering athletic sport reaches its climax. Manley's career at Yale outshone all his previous life in gym, on field and track, on the diamond and the gridiron—in all the departments of athletic sport. Every American youth will be wonderfully delighted with "FRANK MANLEY AT YALE; OR, MAKING THE START IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS." This great story, the first of a great series, will be published complete in No. 25 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week!

SPECIAL NOTICE. All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 56.

Henceforth we shall hear of the doings of Frank Manley, and of his nearest friends, at college.

College athletics, while they may have their drawbacks, stand at the head of all sport in America.

Nor is the reason hard to seek.

College sports are conducted "on the level."

The patron of professional sport must always wonder whether the events in which he sees professional sporting men take part are conducted honestly.

There is always much temptation to "fix" results in the professional world, where every man in it is in for the money that is to be had.

In college athletics there is no temptation—nor can there be any inducement—to "fix" results in advance.

The charge is sometimes heard—but it is made only by those who are too ignorant to understand what they are talking about—that games between college teams are sometimes sold.

Nothing could be more absurd than such a statement.

College men, as a rule, have plenty of money.

They do not need to sell athletic events in order to raise money.

Moreover, the honor of the college is at stake.

When an athletic event is on, the entire college turns out to see its team win.

Every man in the college wants to see the team win for the general credit and honor.

Every college man's eye is on the college athletics.

Were a single athlete at college to attempt to "sell out" his college, he would be quickly caught at it.

He would then be disgraced for life.

Great attention is paid at college to the physical training of the young men.

Every bit of the really good material is coaxed into the different teams.

This material is carefully worked up to the greatest point of excellence possible.

When a college team turns out for a match, that team represents the pick of the college in question. These men are the best of their kind that the college can produce, and they have been scientifically and unceasingly trained for their work.

These young college athletes are at the very best years in

their lives for supremely good physical effort and endurance.

Nor is it the merely strong or merely quick man who can hope to lead in college athletics in these days.

Brains have to go with brawn and wind.

All of our amateur sports to-day call for the greatest and the quickest exercise of brain-power.

College athletics, in fact, train a man to think quickly—and to think right on the spur of the moment.

The young man who has been a success in the athletic work of one of our great American colleges comes out into the work-a-day life splendidly equipped in mind and body.

He has already made himself accustomed to becoming a leader, and thus it becomes easier to be an actual leader—not a follower—in all the varying fields of activity that go to make up life.

To be sure, only a comparatively small number of our American boys can hope to become college men.

But those who cannot go to college can at least keep in touch with all the life of college athletics.

The young man who cannot go to college can, nevertheless, absorb much of the training that is given there in athletics.

The records of college work are available.

Every properly run junior athletic club keeps as nearly as it can to the lines of college athletic work.

The same training rules that are followed at college should be the training rules of the junior club.

The same style of training-table should be followed when serious games or matches are being prepared for.

College running, college field work, college crew work, college football—all the athletic organizations of a good college—set the pace, and set it well, for the junior athletic clubs of the country.

The young man who does not keep pace with the performances and the methods of college athletics cannot hope to amount to much in junior athletics.

Since only a small percentage of our young men can go to college, we must depend for the real backbone of American manhood upon the thousands of hustling and energetic junior clubs in this country.

So the health and strength, the prowess and endurance—even the brain-power and nerve-force of the coming generation of American men must depend on the success with which the junior athletic clubs of to-day follow the example and pace of the college athletes.

Beginning with next week it will be the pleasant task of Frank Manley's Weekly to describe to American boys how the athletic training of a great American university is really carried on.



# Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Oct. 16, 1905.  
Dear Physical Director:

I have read about ten of the Frank Manley's Weekly and I think they are all right. I have seen some of the letters which were written by boys and so I thought I would like to write you. I will give you my measurements and ask you a few questions. If you care to answer them I would like to see your answer in print. Measurements: Age, 14 years 4 months; height, 5 feet; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 34 inches; calves, 13 inches; ankles, 10 inches; neck, 13 inches; weight, 110 pounds. (1) How is my build for an athlete. (2) What are my weak and strong points? (3) How far should I run in the morning? Wishing you success with your very good weekly for boys, I remain,

An Admirer of Frank Manley's Weekly.

Measurements are very good, except that more chest expansion is needed. You can make an athlete of yourself. The morning run should be over the greatest distance that you can cover without making yourself uncomfortable.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly, and think they are fine. Would like to ask your advice on my measurements. Height, 5 feet 4 inches; breadth across shoulders, 17 inches; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 35 inches; biceps, normal 10 inches; expanded 11½ inches; forearms, 10 inches; wrists, 7 inches; waist, 30 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 13½ inches; ankles, 3¼ inches; weight, 125 pounds. Am 17 years 11 months old. Please point out my defects and how I can cure them. To take off weight, should I run every morning? Can run 1½ miles in 10 minutes, but am very near played out at the finish. (1) How could I get long wind? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

C. S. S.

Your measurements very good, except that you need more chest expansion and less waist line. By all means go in for the morning runs. If a mile and a half plays you out, now, run a mile at present, very gradually increasing the distance as your wind improves. Deep breathing drills several times daily will do wonders for your wind.

Columbus, O., Nov. 2, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I send you my measurements, hoping to read your opinion of them in a future issue of your weekly. Age, 15 years 9 months; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 195 pounds; neck, 16 inches; chest, normal 40 inches, expanded 42 inches; biceps, 12¾ inches; forearm, 12¼ inches; wrists, 7½ inches; waist, 40 inches; thighs, 24½ inches; calves, 16½ inches; ankles, 10½ inches. Which are my weak and which are my strong points, if any? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Large Young Reader.

You are very heavy—about seventy pounds above the average at your height and age. If you are fat and soft, you should train to harden. Too little chest expansion and too much waist line. At your size the waist should measure several inches less than the chest.

New York, Oct. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Have been a steady reader of your interesting and excellent weekly, namely, Young Athlete's weekly, now Frank Manley's Weekly, since it appeared to present date. Am pleased to say

that it has done more good for me than any of its kind before. The following are my measurements: Age, 15½ years; weight, 95 pounds; height, 5 feet 2½ inches; chest, normal 29 inches; expanded 31½ inches; waist, 25½ inches; thighs, 16½ inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankles, 8¼ inches; neck, 12½ inches; right wrist, 6¼ inches; left wrist, 6½ inches; right forearm, 9¼ inches; left forearm, 8¾ inches; biceps, normal 8½ inches, flexed 10 inches; across shoulders, 16½ inches. What are my weak points and how can I improve them? I have a big appetite and seem to eat more than an elderly person, yet am very skinny and do not seem to gain any weight. Whenever I comb my hair some is sure to remain on the comb. That is, they fall out this way for two months past. Of course I know that you are not a hair specialist, but whatever advice you may be able to give me pertaining to this will be fully appreciated and will be faithfully followed. Thanking you in advance for the kind advice you will give me, I remain, with best wishes for Frank Manley, Kitty and the rest, particularly yourself and Mr. Tousey,

Very respectfully,

Robert Russel.

P. S.—Am very near-sighted and wear glasses.

You need more chest expansion and less waist line; otherwise you are well built. Eating a lot of food will not fatten you unless you chew it to a fine pulp before swallowing. When it is chewed fine the digestive juices are able to extract more nourishment. Drink nothing with meals, nor for half an hour afterward, but drink water freely between meals. Rub the scalp very thoroughly and briskly with the hands, morning and night. Probably this trouble is also due to the fact that you eat too hastily, bolting your food and therefore not getting enough nourishment out of it. Hair is nourished by the food just as much as the muscles are.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being one of your most ardent readers, I take the pleasure to send you my measurements, which I hope you will criticize as soon as possible. I am going to run in the one-mile race at the Texas State Fair, November 11, 1905, and I wish you would give me some general hints on how to conduct myself during the race, and how I should train for the race. I take a three-mile run every other night. Is this correct or should I run a mile and a half every night? My measurements are: Age, 18 years; height, 5 feet 8 inches; neck, 14 inches; calves, 14 inches; waist, 28 inches; chest, normal 35 inches, expanded 38 inches; weight, 130 pounds, stripped. (1) How are these measurements? Hoping you will answer, I remain,

A Reader.

P. S.—I am a Y. M. C. A. runner, and we have a Y. M. C. A. day at the Fair.

Your measurements are very good, though in running a little more chest expansion would be useful. Am sorry this answer could not appear before the date of your race. I would take the three miles at jogging speed some evenings, with mile-and-a-half speed runs other evenings, and not forgetting a few fast sprints once in a while. When in training, you should run daily at one distance or another.

Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. I think they are the best five-cent books written. I am 11 years 8 months old; weight, 85 pounds; height, 4 feet 5½ inches; chest, normal 34 inches, expanded 26 inches;

waist, 24 inches; neck, 10¾ inches; biceps, 7¾ inches; ankles, 6¼ inches; calves, 9¾ inches; wrist, 4¾ inches. Questions: (1) How are my measurements compared with other boys of the same age? (2) If not good, what should I do?

Yours truly,

H. Relf

(1) Just a little more expansion needed, and a little fuller neck. (2) All-around physical training, as explained in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, will put you on the right track and keep you there. Also study Frank Tousey's Ten-Cent Handbook, No. 25, "How to Become a Gymnast."

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 14 years old and weigh 98 pounds; height, 4 feet 2 inches. (1) How can I grow taller and heavier? (2) What should I do for short wind? (3) Is golf a good exercise? (4) How can I be a good runner? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. S. E.

(1) You are already heavy for your height. (2) Deep breathing drills and distance running, beginning with a short distance and gradually improving it. (3) It's a sport more than an exercise; good only for the walking and the outdoor air. (4) By practice and building up a deep chest by deep breathing drills.

Fayetteville, Ark., Oct. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like you to answer some questions. My measurements are: Age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 115 pounds; neck, 13½ inches; chest, normal 33¼ inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 28¼ inches; forearm, 9¼ inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; shoulders, 15 inches; calves, 11¼ inches; thighs, 18¼ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How is my weight? (3) How can I become strong in arms? (4) What book on exercise would you advise me to get to become an athlete? (5) Will it be good for one to take runs at this time of the year? Hoping to see this in print soon, I am,

Yours truly,

C. R. Rhodes.

(1) Very good, except not enough chest and too much waist. (2) Satisfactory. (3) By exercising them briskly, and by working on the horizontal bar. (4) Study carefully the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, in which excellent home-made apparatus is described, and also the methods of using it. Also study closely Frank Tousey's Ten-Cent Handbook, No. 25, "How to Become a Gymnast."

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 18 years old; my height is 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 118 pounds; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 37 inches; biceps, normal 9¾ inches, expanded 11¾ inches; calves, 12½ inches; wrists, 6¾ inches; waist, 26 inches; neck, 14 inches; forearm, 10¾ inches; shoulders, across, 20 inches; ankles, 10 inches. I have a few questions to ask you: (1) Will salt harm me? (2) What are my weak points? (3) Can lift 60 pounds over my head with one hand. Is that a good lift for me? I am a great fellow for reading your books. Hoping to see my letter in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

G. J. H.

(1) No. (2) Small calves and light weight. (3) Very. Don't do it too much, though. You have splendid chest expansion.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 15 years old, 5 feet 2¼ inches in height, and weigh 100 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 31 inches; biceps, 10 inches; neck, 12 inches; wrists, 6 inches; waist, 26 inches, from shoulder to shoulder, 16 inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 11½ inches; ankles, 7 inches; forearm, 9 inches. These are my records: 50-yard dash, 7 seconds; half-mile run, 2 minutes 35 seconds; mile run, 7 minutes, 47 seconds; can climb 50 times; can stoop over and touch floor, with legs straight, 700 times in 10 minutes; can jump up on toes 300 times; lying on the floor I can bend over and touch toes 20 times; can repeat 20 times; can push 1 pound weight 100 times;



read 100 times; can touch floor, with knee bent, 10 times; can put a 4-pound shot 40 feet 11½ inches; standing broad jump, 7 feet 8 inches; running broad jump, 13 feet 1 inch; running high jump, 3 feet 5 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How are my records? (3) Do you think I would make a good athlete? (4) What are my weak points? (5) What are my strong points? Please excuse this long letter, as I am one of the steady readers.

Yours truly,  
L. Brandt.

Your measurements show poor chest expansion, small neck and calves and too much waist line. Your gymnastic work is good, and your fifty-yard dash very fair at your age, but you do not hold out well on the half-mile. This is because of your slight chest expansion and consequent lack of wind. You can certainly become an athlete; and are already a long ways toward that goal, but you have overlooked the fact that a deep chest is the foundation of the athlete. Go in for deep breathing drills several times daily and you will soon see a great change in your running.

221 W. 40th St.,  
New York, Oct. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all your weeklies, I ask a few questions: (1) We are looking for a club, but can't find any. (2) I weigh 97 pounds; age, 16 years; height, 5 feet 2 inches. (3) Am I tall enough? (4) How can I join a league for baseball? (5) Am a good runner. (6) Length of exercise with Indian clubs, dumbbells and running. (7) How many times should I chin myself? Hoping to see this in print, I am,

Your best friend,

M. C.

You are tall enough, but a little light. You do not say whether you wish to join an amateur or a professional league. All exercises should be continued until there is a slight feeling of fatigue. Chin yourself as many times as you can without pausing, but don't overstrain.

New York, Oct. 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of your weekly, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. I am 17 years old; weight, 124 pounds; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; chest, normal 30¼ inches, expanded 33¼ inches; hips, 32 inches; thighs, 19 inches; forearm, 10¼ inches; biceps, 10¼ inches; waist, 27½ inches; neck, 13 inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; ankles, 10 inches; calves, 13 inches; shoulders, around, 38 inches, across 16 inches. (1) What are my weak and what are my strong points? (2) I can do the 100-yard dash in 12 seconds, and I have only been practicing a short time. Is that doing good? (3) When running, should I breathe through my nose or mouth? (4) I can do 8 feet 6½ inches in a standing broad jump. Is that good?

Sincerely yours,

J. E. H. G.

(1) Measurements very good. (2) Yes. (3) Through the nose. (4) Yes.

272 Bissell St., Chicago, Ill.,  
Aug. 29, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly since it began, and I think it is the finest book out. (1) Please tell me what you think of my measurements. I am 14 years old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; breadth of shoulders, 15 inches; chest, normal 21 inches, expanded 33½ inches; neck, 14 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 10 inches; wrists, 7 inches; waist, 26½ inches; thighs, 18 inches; calves, 14 inches; ankles, 9 inches; weight, 115 pounds. (2) If I wear a belt will it make my back weak?

Yours truly,

J. Hoban.

You are well built, but need more chest expansion. A belt, if worn at all, should be worn loosely.

Danville, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of your paper, and think it is fine. My measurements are: Calves, 13 inches; thighs, 19 inches; chest, normal 29½ inches, expanded 31½ inches; neck, 13 inches; biceps, flexed 9 inches. I am about 5 feet 4 inches in height.

(1) What are my weak points, and how can I remedy them? (2) I have a weak heart. Do you think the reason is that I am too tall for my age? I used to have a pain around my heart at intervals when I rode a bicycle, but since I have stopped they do not come so frequent. (3) Is running, jumping, pole vaulting and exercises in general good for a weak heart? Hoping this will not reach the waste-basket, and three cheers for Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,

Frank Manley No. 2.

Measurements good, except more chest expansion needed. Growing fast sometimes makes the heart seem weak for a while, but you should outgrow that. Deep breathing drills and sleeping always with your window open will aid the heart greatly. If your heart is really weak the exercises you mention are not advised. Long walks and light gymnastics, with lots and lots of deep breathing would be best.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I take the liberty to ask you a few questions as to my bodily measurements. I am 15 years of age; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 105 pounds; neck, 13 inches; waist, 31 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 33 inches; thighs, 18½ inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankles, 9½ inches; upper arm, flexed, 10½ inches; knee, 13 inches; wrist, 6 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my defects, and how can I improve upon them? (3) How can I increase my chest expansion? (4) My calves? (5) My upper arm? Wishing your weekly magazine great success, I remain,

Yours truly,

Robert L. Donaldson.

P. S.—I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and wish it and its hero great success.

Measurements very good, except that you need more chest expansion and considerably less waist. Deep breathing and distance running, with all kinds of brisk exercise will develop chest expansion. Running is the best thing for the calves. For the biceps, use the horizontal bar (chinning), bag-punching and trapeze work.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

My measurements are as follows: Age, 15 years 2 months; weight, 159 pounds; height, 5 feet 8 inches; waist, 31¼ inches; neck, 15 inches; calves, 14¼ inches; thighs, 21½ inches; biceps, 11 and 13½ inches; forearm, 12½ inches; wrists, 7½ inches. How are these? I am big for my age and am all muscle. I do a man's work in a factory. What can I do for a hump-back. Well, I will close, with many thanks.

Yours truly,

A Reader.

You are twenty pounds too heavy. You would do well to go in for the system of training described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. Hump-back cannot be cured, but it may be helped by abundant exercise on the horizontal bar.

La Crescenta, Cal., Oct. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I wish to ask you a few questions and also to add my little bit of praise for the greatest weekly out. I have read several different weeklies, but Frank Manley's "takes the cake." What could be more noble and inspiring than to read of our hero, Frank Manley? If every boy would pattern after him, what a race of Americans we would have a few years hence. Here are my measurements: Neck, 15 inches; chest, normal 37 inches, expanded 42 inches; chest, small, 33¾ inches; both arms flexed, 13¼ inches; both forearms flexed, 11¼ inches; wrists, 6¾ inches; waist, 28 inches; hips, 35½ inches; thighs, 21¼ inches; calves, 14¼ inches; ankles, 9 inches. Both sides are equally developed. Age, 18 years; height, 5 feet 8 inches, stocking feet; weight, stripped, 145 pounds. (1) How are these measurements for a boy of 18? (2) How is my chest? (3) Although I exercise my calves vigorously by running every morning, they do not enlarge. Why is this? (4) Should a distance runner breathe through the nose or mouth? (5) How are these records for a boy? One mile, 4 minutes 45

seconds; 880-yard dash, 2 minutes 43-4 seconds; broad jump, 19 feet 10 inches; 100-yard dash, 11 seconds. These are my records made last year. (6) I ran the mile for a college in Southern California last year, but toward the end my lungs began to bother me and I was forced to quit. What do you think caused this? Would you advise me to run this year again? I am in good condition. I go to bed at 9 o'clock, rise at 5 o'clock and take 30 minutes' exercise with dumbbells and exerciser, after which I take a cold shower. (7) Is this all right? (8) In the afternoon I spend 45 minutes in the college gym, punching the bag, on the horizontal bar, etc. Is this good? I also run five miles on the cinder-path. Can chin myself 24 times. Would you kindly give Manley's measurements? I am sure there are hundreds of your readers who would like to see them. Long life and best wishes to yourself and the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Jimmy Blaine.

(1) Powerful build and magnificent chest. (2) Answered. (3) They will increase as you grow older. (4) Nose. (5) Very good records. (6) Caused by defects in training the wind. (7 and 8) Excellent. One of these days I shall give Manley's measurements, with explanations.

Ottawa, Canada, Nov. 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am writing you my second letter. I have not yet seen any answer to my first one, so I hope you will not fail to answer this one. I have read all of Frank Manley's Weeklies to date, and think it the best publication of its kind on the market. Here are my measurements: Height, 5 feet 4 inches (in boots); weight, 112 pounds; age, 17 years; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 36 inches; waist, 27 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 12 inches; biceps, 11 inches; neck, 13¼ inches; ankles, 8 inches; wrist, 6¾ inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) What are my strong points, if any? (3) Is diaphragmatic breathing good? Hoping I have not taken up too much of your time, I am,

Yours truly,

K. O. L.

P. S.—I say, what has become of Hob Prouty?

(1) Waist an inch too large. (2) Other measurements good—very good. (3) Certainly.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read your Frank Manley's Weekly from No. 1 to the present date, I will take the liberty to ask you a few questions. My measurements are: Age, 13; weight, 70 pounds; height, 4 feet 9 inches; chest, normal 26½ inches, expanded 29 inches; neck, 11½ inches; calves, 10½ inches; waist, 23½ inches. What do you think of my measurements? Could you give me any hints as to what kind of work I could do to make me more perfect? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

Nicholas Bernhardt.

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Cragmoor, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905.

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